GOVERNOR TALMADGE RIDES AGAIN *By Ernest Moorer*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY JULY 29, 1941 Vol 5

Our London Cable:

THE PEOPLE WANT TO INVADE THE CONTINENT NOW

by Claude Cockburn

UNDERGROUND FRANCE SPEAKING

by Paul S.

THE MYTH OF THE RACE

by Franz Boas

Budd Schulberg, Millen Brand, Donald Henderson
Marcel Scherer, Paul Strand, Hugh De Lacy

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"THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE"

When Georgia's Fuehrer Talmadge raised the fiery cross of race hatred against public education, he also highlighted one of the greatest crimes against American democracy as a whole: oppression of the Negro people. What is the extent of that oppression? And what has been the role of those oppressed in American life—what have been their contributions to our history, to all phases of our culture?

In answer to these questions New Masses presents, beginning with this issue, a series on "The Negro in American Life," under the editorial direction of Herbert Aptheker, historian and author of three books on the American Negro. First of the articles is "The Myth of the Race" by the outstanding world scientist, Prof. Franz Boas. Angelo Herndon, Eugene C. Holmes, James W. Ford, Ben Davis, Jr., James S. Allen, Ralph Ellison, Samuel Putnam, Elizabeth Lawson, Herbert Aptheker, Elie Siegmeister—these are some of the writers who have promised to contribute their special knowledge to this series.

THERE isn't space enough in these columns this week to tell you much about NM's symposium on "The World Against Hitler," which will take place next Wednesday evening, July 30, at New York's Manhattan Center. About all we can do is list some of the speakers. They include: Pierre Cot, France's former Minister of Aviation; Leonard Engel, military news analyst; Karel Hudec, Acting Consul General of Czechoslovakia; and Joseph Starobin, foreign editor of NM. A. B. Magil will chairman the meeting. The time is 8 PM, and Manhattan Center (it's air-cooled) is at 34th St. and Eighth Ave. Tickets are fifty cents in advance, sixty-five at the door, with seats in the reserved section selling for $1. They are on sale at the NM office, 461 Fourth Ave.; Bookfair, 133 West 44th St.; and the Manhattan Center office.

In articles written for NM, as well as in numerous other writings and in speeches, Earl Browder many years ago outlined the measures that must be taken to defeat the world forces of fascism. Browder's anti-fascist writings, which are of vital interest at this time, will be discussed in a comprehensive article by A. B. Magil, in an early issue of NM.

Who's Who

CLAUDE COCKBURN was editor of the internationally known newsletter, the *Week*. He was also Washington correspondent of the London *Times*. . . . Ilya Ehrenbourg is a Soviet writer and correspondent. . . . Colonel T. is the pseudonym of a former army officer, and writer on military subjects. . . . Ernest Moorer is a New York newspaperman. . . . Frank T. Baker is an expert on Latin-American affairs. . . . Louis Lozowick is a well known artist.

THIS WEEK

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NEW MASSES

AMERICA DARE NOT WAIT *An Editorial*

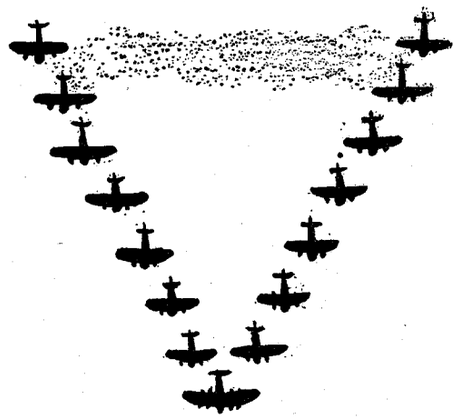
IT IS nearly five weeks since Hitler launched his murderous assault on the Soviet Union. At one blow the entire character of the war was changed and the menace of a Hitler-dominated Europe and Asia was thrust like a loaded revolver at the heart of America. Millions of Americans have been violently jolted into awareness of the danger. They know the horror that has swallowed up nation after nation in Europe, and for them has vanished the isolationist dream that America can remain an island of freedom and peace in a raging ocean of fascist barbarism. These millions want Hitler stopped, they want fascism smashed, they want the world to be freed forever from this scourge. And fully three-fourths of our people, according to the Gallup poll, support the policy enunciated by President Roosevelt of all possible aid to Britain and the USSR.

Many trade unions and other progressive organizations, such as the American Youth Congress and the National Negro Congress, have issued statements favoring assistance to the two principal nations fighting Hitlerism. Throughout the country the common folk are uniting around this policy; increasingly they understand that on Soviet soil and wherever the armed forces of Britain range, as well as on China's bloodstained earth, the battle for America's own security and independence, the battle for our children's future is being fought. But a policy is only as strong as the concrete measures that implement it. Our sympathy alone will not defeat the Nazi armies. As yet we are moving slowly, at stage-coach pace, while the mechanized legions of Nazism hurl their might against the peoples of the Soviet Union and prepare the invasion of Britain. But time is a high-speed bomber that fights for the enemy. What are we doing to give the anti-Hitler policy flesh and blood? Yes, *what is each of us doing?*

One of the reasons why we move so slowly is that among many sincere anti-fascists—some of them NEW MASSES readers—there is a reluctance to face the full implications of the changed world situation. Their qualms and hesitations are understandable; the dangers they point to are not without foundation. The problem, however, is not one of constructing ideal solutions that will eliminate all risk. We must deal with the situation as it is, not as we would like it to be, do first things first, act boldly and resolutely against the main enemy. And above all, we must not let fear about some future peril prevent us from combating the towering danger that threatens us today. Otherwise we play into Hitler's hands.

Specifically there are those who do not yet understand that it is necessary to give swift, substantial aid to both the Soviet Union and Britain. Some, like the New York *Times,* would give all help to Britain and ignore the USSR. Others, like certain progressives, would help only the Soviet Union and ignore Britain. These two groups proceed from different motives and follow different paths, but they arrive at the same result: the weakening of the common struggle of the Soviet and British peoples, and therefore the weakening of the defense of the American people. Those who want to aid Britain but not the USSR are animated by their hostility to the working class and to the people's government of the Soviet Union. Blinded by class prejudice, they do not see that if the Red Army is defeated and the USSR overrun up to the Pacific, they may not even have the privilege of liking or disliking a particular form of government; at best they will be what the French capitalists are today: underlings of the German capitalists and of the Nazi regime.

THOSE who commit the same error in reverse are actuated by distrust of the British and American governments. But the issue is not one of trusting capitalist governments or individuals. It is one of organizing the *peoples* of the United States and Britain, of creating a national and international front of peoples and governments in alliance with the USSR to deal the death blow to German fascism. Without this the liberation of Europe and the advance of democracy here and abroad—which would mean the defeat of reaction in all countries—is impossible. Moreover, in the event of a Nazi victory over the Soviet Union, humanity would be thrown backward into a new and more terrible age of darkness and our own country would fall under the sway of Hitler and his American friends. As R. Palme Dutt points out in the *Sunday Worker* of July 20, the Soviet-British alliance and the measures toward collaboration taken by the United States, far from involving any retreat on the part of progressives, are a shattering blow to the Munich cheers and represent the triumph of that policy which progressives have urged for years.



There are also anti-fascists who balk at the idea of extending the service of the draftees beyond one year and of a possible AEF. They sense a conflict between their desire to help defeat Hitlerism and their wish to keep America out of war, and they try to reconcile the conflict by clinging to some of the attitudes that were valid before the attack on the Soviet Union, but today impede the struggle to defend the people's liberties. Here again the answer to these problems is determined by the character of the war. The war now raging in Europe is a just, progressive war. Can our own freedom be preserved if the USSR and Britain fall and with them China as well? A little thought should convince all those who hate fascism that this most certainly is our war, that our stake in it is no less than that of the peoples now facing the Nazi fury, and that we must stop at no measures, economic, political, or military, to assure total defeat for the hordes of Hitlerism. And a little thought should convince all lovers of peace that today, unlike the period prior to June 22, it is impossible to have peace for ourselves or secure a democratic peace for the peoples of the world without the complete destruction through military defeat of that fiendish system which seeks to black out all civilization.

Does this mean that we abandon the struggle against reaction at home? On the contrary, we shall strengthen it and make it part of the world struggle against reaction's chief citadel in Berlin. The improvement of the people's standard of life, the defense of the rights of labor, the preservation and extension of civil liberties, the freeing of America's foremost anti-fascist, Earl Browder—these are indispensable to the success of the anti-Hitler struggle. But we must *move,* we must *act* and see to it that the government *acts.* All sabotage of the defense program and of America's fight for freedom by reactionary monopolists and by the State Department appeasers of Japan, Vichy, and Franco must be ended. Let us build a mighty national front of all those, irrespective of past or present differences on other questions, who stand for a fight to the finish against Hitlerism. Today Moscow is what Madrid was, London is Barcelona. The Nazis must not win this time.

V for victory over fascism!

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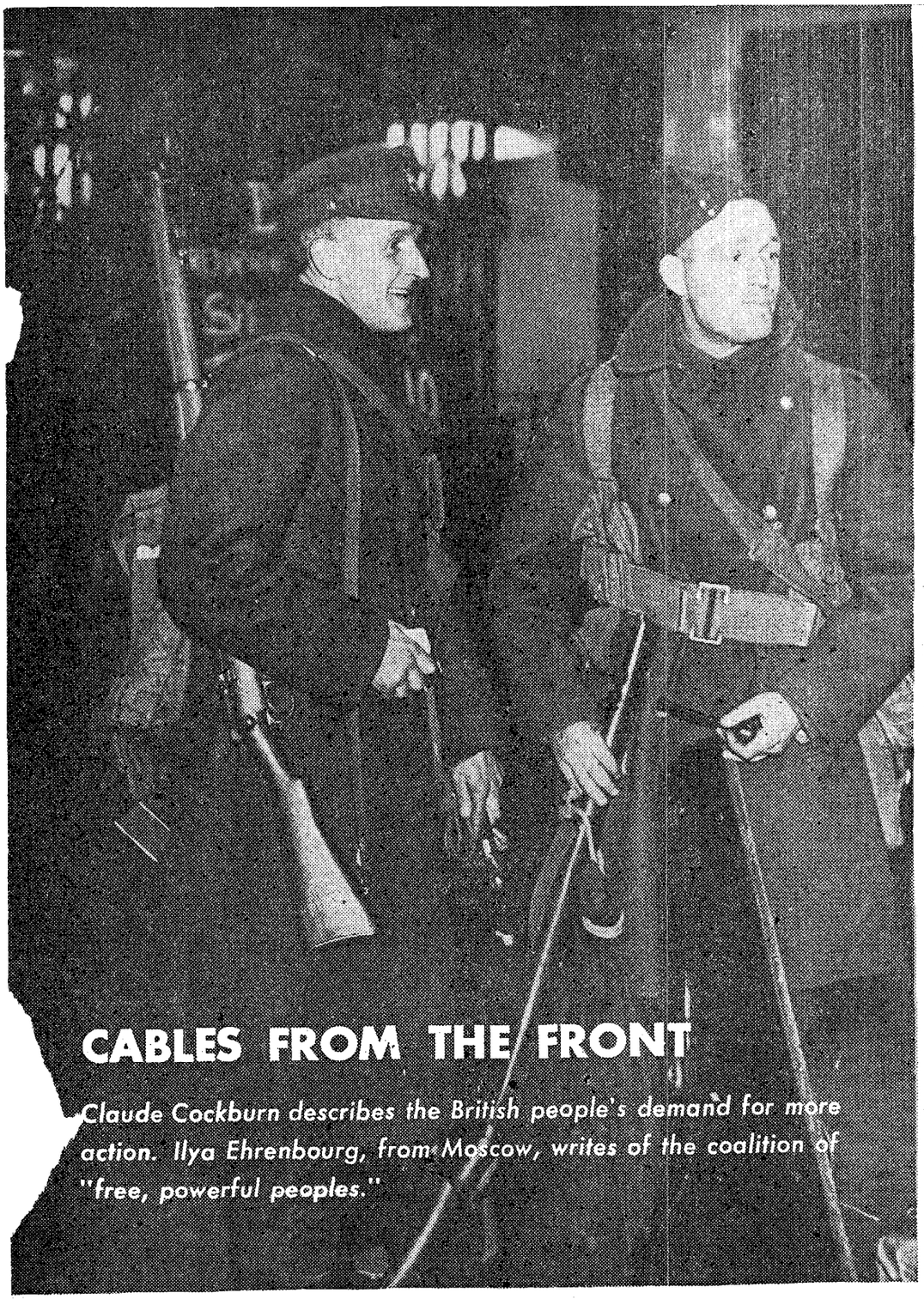

CABLES FROM THE FRONT

Claude Cockburn describes the British people's demand for more action. Ilya Ehrenbourg, from Moscow, writes of the coalition of "free, powerful peoples."

London (by cable).

TO BEGIN with, let's look at a somewhat significant statement by John Gordon, editor of the *Sunday Express,* Lord Beaverbrook's newspaper. Not that the *Sunday Express* is the most influential of British newspapers—though it is certainly influential—but Gordon's statement puts in a nutshell a viewpoint which is widely prevalent here. Says he, commenting on the current British effort toward joint Anglo-Soviet war against Hitler, "After all, this is primarily our war, not Russia's. Magnificently as Russia is doing, we are the chief enemy. We are or ought to be the main buttress of civilization. We are the real obstacle to the conquest of the world. We were the first nation to upset Hitler's plans. We should be the first nation to bring him down. . . . At this critical moment when Hitler is forced to concentrate his whole striking force against Russia; when he holds occupied countries mostly with second rate troops; when there is a ferment of unrest in every one of his conquered nations, no British soldier is fighting a German anywhere except along the short Libyan-Egyptian frontier. Are you satisfied with that?

"At a moment when the opening of a second front would not only be of greatest relief to Russia, but might like a flame set the continent ablaze, we find ourselves forced to be almost spectators in the war. What is the matter with us?"

I quote this because it's a quite genuine summary of feeling which I've found all over the country, particularly in North England, where I've been touring the engineering works, shipyards, etc., in the last few days. There the almost universal feeling is: "Why aren't we doing more?" Putting it another way, the question is asked: "We stated that if and when American aid reached a certain point, we should be able to take really drastic action against Hitler. Now it's obvious to all that Russian aid is on a scale far surpassing—in terms of airplanes, tanks, guns, and men—anything anyone could have hoped to get from America, at least before the year 1944. Why, therefore, in view of this gigantic aid, so much greater than anything America can send us this year or next year or the year after, are we unable to act as it was assumed we would act if and when America sent comparable assistance?"

This is not to say that leading circles have the impression that British raids on Germany are ineffective in their damage to the German industrial machine. However, there's genuine controversy, first as to whether such raids are effective in a short time—which is what counts if we are to take advantage of the present Russian campaign—and secondly, even granting their fullest effectiveness, whether this is the most effective thing we can do. It would be foolish to pretend that within this controversy there do not exist certain political considerations and prejudices. There are those who would, of course, prefer to chance total defeat rather than risk anything in support of the Red Army now. During the past couple of weeks we have had instances of Quislingism, some of which I reported to you last week. The libel action of Captain Ramsay against the New York *Times* has turned the spotlight on the whole matter. Among other things this case has revealed the fact that the secretary of Captain Ramsay's "Right Club"—which included such delightful characters as Lord Hawhaw and Anna Wolkoff—was the father of Sir Ronald Cross, for a long time British Minister of Shipping and at present British High Commissioner in Australia. This fact possibly explains Cross' recent outburst violently attacking our latest ally—for which he has already been severely called to order by an Australian labor organization.

I have emphasized in previous reports the strength of the national support for Churchill in his pledge of alliance with Russia. To understand this is essential, for it is the background to the cut-throat intrigues against the premier's policy which have all along been in progress and are becoming more open. It is certain that there are quite sufficient forces here to crush all such sabotage of united national effort in cooperation with the Soviet Union. At the same time there are numerous indications of just how hard and serious a job it will be to deal with the British Lindberghs.

For example, there's the undoubted fact that influences of a sinister kind have been at work in an attempt to secure the last-minute overthrow or postponement of the Russo-Polish agreement. This affair is prob-

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ably not of a profoundly serious character—or at least it's likely that healthy elements among the Poles together with the Czechs will prevent any great harm being done in such fashion to the anti-Hitler forces of Europe.

Another important development which is likely to have most serious repercussions here is General Franco's latest speech. [In an address to the Spanish Falange on July 17, the fifth anniversary of the fascist rebellion, General Franco warned the United States against participation in the war. He also charged that the United States offered to ship food supplies on the condition that Spain weaken her ties with the Axis.—Ed.] Properly speaking, of course, in view of this speech, all those who have both before the war and during it declared their friendship and association with Franco, should either issue immediate repudiations and apology for their past attitude or be thrown in the cooler. In fact, the British press rather noticeably underplayed Franco's speech. But this must be regarded with some gravity in view of the fact that the most powerful fascist, anti-Churchill, anti-Soviet elements here are precisely those which all along have played very close to Madrid. It may be noted that all these elements, when pushed to it, invariably call upon the name of the American State Department as support for their attitude.

When it is realized just how strong are Catholic influences in the Foreign Office, and when the almost blatant anti-Soviet defeatist attitude of the Catholic press here is taken into account, one can understand how vital it is that all possible forces of the American people should be mobilized behind the Premier in his unequivocal pledge to the Soviet Union.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

★

Moscow (by cable).

PLUTARCH asserted that Caesar transformed millions of vanquished people into slaves. But Caesar has no standing by comparison with Hitler! History has never known such a greedy, ferocious slaveholder. He has transformed 100,000,000 people into slaves.

Whom does Hitler wish to deceive when he speaks of the "coalition of European peoples" against Russia? Doctor Goebbels? Stormtroopers taught from childhood not to think? Papuans? Martians? In a Europe enslaved by Hitler, nations no longer exist. He abolished them. There are only different categories of slaves: Dutchmen milk cows for Hitler; Norwegians dry codfish for him; Italians, Hungarians, Rumanians, Finns, Slovakians die for him. Did Hitler ask the Finns whether or not they wanted to die for "Great Hitleria"? Perhaps he took pains to find out whether the Slovaks were anxious to fire on their Russian brothers?

I know Italy well. I know its people—peace-loving, high spirited, good natured. Italians do not like the Prussians—they remember age-old oppression. But the Italians' love for Russia has been marked at every step. They remember how, during the earthquake in Messina, Russian seamen saved Italians. They speak of the heroism of Soviet airmen who saved a polar expedition of Italians. In Mussolini's time, when Gorky was passing through Naples, students, fishermen, dock workers came running from all sides to greet the great writer. Who believes that the Italians voluntarily took up arms against Soviet Russia?

There's not a town or village in Slovakia that I have not visited. How they love the Russian people! I have seen Pushkin streets, Gogol streets, Tolstoy streets, Gorky streets. The Germans and Magyars suppressed Slovakian culture. Pioneers of national culture called "awakeners" spread the light of Russian work and Russian thought to the most remote country cottages. Five years ago I attended the Slovakian Writers Congress. Present were lefts and rights, Catholics and Protestants. They all spoke of Soviet Russia with the greatest love. At what nightmarish moment of insomnia did the stupid thought enter Hitler's head of declaring that Slovakia was waging war against Russia? He is a cannibal lacking human flesh; he has not enough Germans, so he sends other people to the slaughterhouse. His "coalition" is made up of unfortunate Rumanians or Slovakians who are driven on under the fire of Prussian corporals' revolvers.

On July 12 it is hardly likely that Hitler slept. He saw that the wide muscular hand

(Continued on page 8)

(Above) SOVIET SHARPSHOOTERS—*Hitler has his hands full with these on the eastern front.* *(On opposite page)* BRITISH SOLDIERS—*allies of the Soviets in the battle to smash Nazism.*

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THE MYTH OF THE RACE

"Racial prejudice," Franz Boas writes, "is as rampant as ever." The claim that an individual can be judged by his racial descent "is fundamentally wrong." First of a series on the Negro in America.

RACIAL prejudice is as rampant as ever. No matter how clearly it may be proved that mental character is not determined by racial descent and shared by every member of the race, or how definitely it may be shown that the low estimation of the ability of certain races is due to ignorance of their achievements, the prejudice remains and has to be fought over and over again.

What is a race? Even the most uniform population we know of consists of a great variety of individuals, of personalities different in intellect and in character. The behavior of the individual is partly controlled by the hereditary characteristics of his or her ancestors, but those ancestors are just as diverse in their bodily and mental equipment as their children.

If we wish to obtain a clear understanding of what a race is, we ought to know how a race is constituted. When we talk about a pure race we mean that the individuals constituting the race are all similar in form, in the way they breathe and digest, in the way their blood is constituted, how they react to climate and nourishment, how their brains and nerves respond to the incidents of life. A pure race must have all these characteristics, as we find them to a considerable degree in pure-bred animals.

Actual studies of human races have proved abundantly that there is no population that fulfills these conditions. It is intelligible that the highly mixed populations of Europe and of the United States cannot be pure races; but even in small communities that have intermarried among themselves for a long time and in which a greater uniformity is found than in the modern mixed population, there still are such pronounced differences between individuals that we can never hope to find any one individual who would represent the characteristics of his race, as we find in pure-bred animals.

If we were to search for families that represent what we like to call the most typical representatives of the race, we should be equally disappointed. It is obvious that the brothers and sisters who represent one family are not as diverse among themselves as the whole mass of individuals of the race. Researches in regard to this question have also shown that both the differences between the brothers and sisters and the differences between the family lines are so great that it is quite impossible to establish a racial type without taking into consideration the great differences between individuals of the same descent as well as the differences between the families.

It is, of course, undeniable that the great divisions of mankind differ in bodily appearance. Studies of the adaptability of the body to the demands made upon it by the environment in which the races live, have not shown any fundamental differences for the various races. The reason is that our body is highly adaptable to the demands made upon it. We can live and work in the tropics and in the Arctic, at sea level and in high altitudes, in abundance with regular diet or under very trying conditions. Whatever the demands made upon our bodies may be, we find many individuals in every population whose bodies are equally capable or incapable of satisfying the demands made by the culture in which they live. The claim that we may judge an individual by his or her racial descent is fundamentally wrong.

The behavior of every one of us depends to a certain extent upon his bodily endowment, which varies so much in every race that in every one of them the most diverse types are found, from the intellectually imbecile to the genius, from the weakling to the strongest character. Our individual behavior depends upon our individual endowment, and in its form upon the social standards of the group in which we live. When outer conditions change, the behavior of the population will change. A free people living in economic security will behave differently from one enslaved and insecure.

For this reason there is no justification in trying to determine the ability of a whole people from the way they live at a given time. The free and secure will appear gifted; the down-trodden and insecure as unable to cope with the difficulties of life.

ALL THIS is particularly applicable to the Negro race. What right have we to any judgment in regard to their ability or character when we first attempted to break their spirit in slavery and then continued oppression by economic discrimination and social ostracism? Anyone who is familiar with the history of Africa before its subjugation by the Europeans, knows the industrial skill, the artistic genius, the political ability of the Negro. In every region from West Africa through the Sudan to South Africa we have proof of it. The states of the Sudan and of Central and South Africa were created by men of great power—as far-seeing as any king of the Middle Ages and equally regardless of the interests of the people subjugated by them. The history of early Africa reads like much of the feudal history of Europe. Because it was shaped by men of great energy, the states had the same vicissitudes that were found in Europe.

However, we are more concerned with the present. How can we expect the Negro race to take its proper place in our culture as long as economic and social discrimination persist? We must demand equality, not equality on paper, but equal rights in life, equal opportunities for education, equal economic opportunities, and a breakdown of the social barriers that oppress even those who in character and achievement are often infinitely superior to those who will not acknowledge for them the claim that is so often heralded as the basis of our society, the claim that all men are born with equal rights.

FRANZ BOAS.

To End Discrimination

"I JUST don't know that there is a problem," says Rep. Francis Walters, chairman of a House Judiciary Subcommittee, concerning the issue of job discrimination because of race, creed, or color. Evidently, in the congressman's mind, President Roosevelt's executive order directed against discriminatory practices in defense industries expresses nothing more than a whim. And the inability of Negroes to get jobs, even at a time when production is rising, leaves Representative Walters cold.

Despite such wide-eyed ignorance, Representative Walters and his committee were made uncomfortably aware of Jim Crow and bigotry during the current hearings on the Marcantonio bill. The proposed legislation would provide strict penalties for government or private employers who discriminate against applicants because of their forebears, color, or religious beliefs. From the Negro Youth Federation, the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the National Negro Congress, from countless organizations of the people came witness after witness to testify that no Negroes are employed by federal agencies except in menial jobs; that Negroes have no future "in Civil Service, in clerical or white collar jobs"; that "discrimination against Negroes in defense industries has become nothing short of a national scandal"; that widespread inequality of job opportunity exists for Jews and the foreign born.

President Roosevelt called attention to this situation in his executive order and in his subsequent appointment of a six-man committee, with two Negro members, to enforce fair employment in defense industries. But this step is little more than a recognition of ugly abuses. The Marcantonio bill would enable the government to prosecute those, wherever they may be, who flout the very premises of the Constitution. The Southern tories, who cling desperately to the poll tax which allows a tiny minority to elect them to office, who support the Ku Klux Klan and fight anti-lynch legislation, will naturally make every effort to defeat the Marcantonio bill. Today it is "must" legislation—if we are to make the United States, as Marcantonio emphasizes, "the kind of democracy which is worth fighting for."

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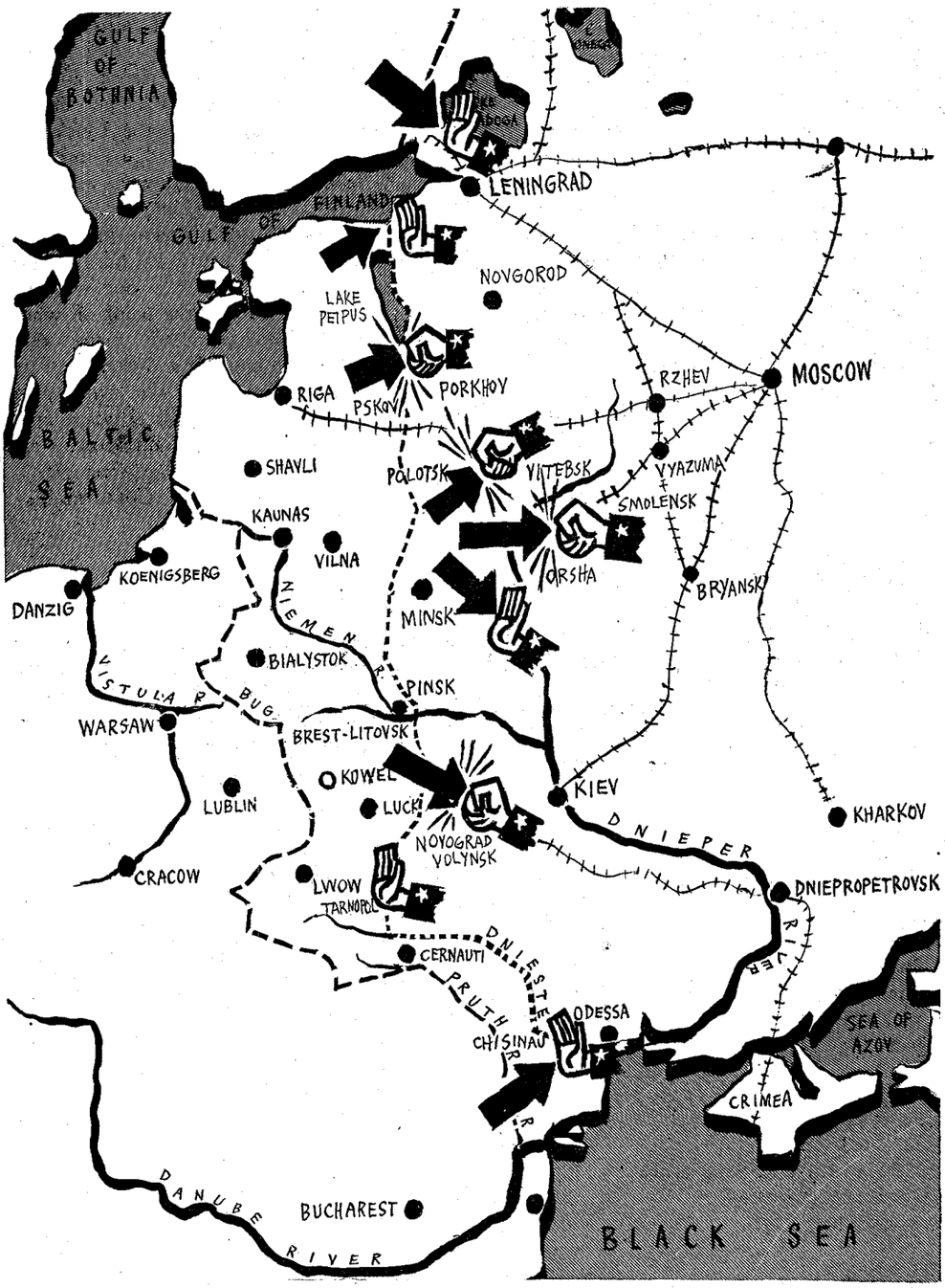
THE BATTLE FOR THE CAPITALS

The Nazis, Colonel T. writes, suffered heavy losses in their only gains during the fourth week of the war—in the Smolensk area. Hitler loses a quarter of his effectives.



Here's the way things looked after a month of fighting on the eastern front. In the south, where Marshal Budenny is in command, the Soviet troops are holding from the Black Sea to the Galician Ukraine, as shown by the upraised hand of the Soviet soldier. Only at Kishenev (Chisinau) has a Nazi column broken through; at Kiev, where the Nazis claimed to be at the gates ten days ago, there's been hard fighting, as shown by the clenched fist. Up in the north, from Viipuri to the Lake Peipus sector, commanded by Marshal Voroshilov, the Nazis are also being held with hard fighting around the rail-town of Porkhov. In the central zone, commanded by Marshal Timoshenko, fierce fighting has waged around Polotsk and Smolensk as shown by the head-on collisions of the arrows and clenched fists. Late reports speak of the recapture of Smolensk by the Soviets. Not included in the map are the first bombardments of Leningrad and Moscow by the Nazis, and the sinking of some twenty-four fascist transports off the Estonian coast by Soviet naval squadrons.

THE fourth week of the war saw the beginning of what may go down in history as The Battle for the Capitals—Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev.

On the central, or Moscow direction, the Nazis have advanced into the Vitebsk-Smolensk-Orsha triangle, with their right flank abutting the Dnieper River and the left end of the base of the triangle sliding along the upper reaches of the Dvina River. They are being vigorously counter-attacked on both the northeastward and the southeastward faces of the salient.

In the northern, or Leningrad direction, the Nazis have been hammering for five days at the Pskov-Porkhov sector without appreciable success. Here and at the northern end of Lake Peipus they have but barely reached the fortified zone covering Leningrad.

On the southern wing of the line the Nazis seem to be still stalled before the Zhitomir-Berdichev line, while they are apparently making a determined effort along the shores of the Black Sea, in the direction of Odessa.

Roughly, the line connecting the Nazi spearheads links Kingissep, near the Gulf of Finland, with Smolensk, swings back west to Bobruisk, and then runs due south to a point somewhere between the estuaries of the Prut and the Dniester. It is a pretty straight line, offering no threat of pincers. West of this line are two large areas about which there is no exact information from either side. These areas are northwestern Estonia and Galicia, in which Red Army groups seem to remain deliberately in order to conduct guerrilla operations similar to those going on in the wilderness around Bialystok.

During the fourth week of the war the Nazis showed definite progress only in the Smolensk salient (an advance of about seventy-five miles). And in that week they suffered extremely heavy losses, not only in the course of many severe battles on all fronts (in which casualties are not easy to estimate) but, for instance, in two Baltic naval disasters — some twenty-four Nazi transports laden with troops and tanks have been sunk and ten others set afire by the Soviet Baltic Squadron. This accounts for the destruction of two divisions, of which one at least was a panzer division.

Some neutral military observers have made public the information that, following severe losses in their moto-mechanized units, the Germans have reorganized their panzer divisions to include one tank regiment instead of three (plus a regiment of motorized infantry and an artillery regiment). It's certain that in one month of Soviet resistance to sustained attacks, the Nazis have lost no less than twenty-five percent of their effectives on the eastern front (the estimates vary between

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thirty and fifty divisions.) The loss of five panzer divisions out of the original twenty can be easily traced to the battles of Minsk (the loss of the Thirty-Ninth Tank Corps, General Schmidt commanding), Lepel, Rogachev, and the naval encounter in the Baltic. On certain sectors of the front—i. e., the Bobruisk-Moghilev sector—the Germans have, during the past week, employed infantry without mechanized support, which would tend to indicate that they might be running short of tanks.

One phrase in the Soviet communiques has become standard for some time: "Our Air Force operated against motorized and mechanized enemy troops and destroyed German aircraft on their airdromes." Now, an attack against an enemy's airdrome and the destruction of his planes on the ground is a sign of air supremacy, at least at a given spot. When this is repeated daily for about three weeks, it at least proves that the Soviet Air Force is pretty free in its movements. Which again shows how preposterously the Germans lied during the first week of the war in claiming to have destroyed that Air Force.

From London we hear that "The Germans are being increasingly harassed by Russian dive-bombers and fighters." The appearance of a new type of Soviet night fighter has also been heralded by the same sources. The news of the week all seems to point toward the development of a definite Soviet advantage in the air.

The question of German gasoline supply suddenly loomed this week when the Italian government forbade civilian use of gasoline. This must be a direct result of the Soviet Air Force's steady bombardment of the Ploesti oil fields and the oil stores of Sulina and Constanta (including the sinking of an oil convoy in the delta of the Danube). The Germans promptly tried to cover up this distressing bit of news by claiming that the "Russians had bombed nothing but a dummy oil-town near Constanta." In view of the fact that the smoke from the fires was visible for almost forty miles at sea, it must have been a very realistic "dummy"! It should be remembered that supplying mechanized forces over long lines of communications is difficult: a gasoline truck will eat up its own load of gas between Warsaw and Smolensk.

As for railroads in the Nazi rear trained guerrillas take care of that. Obviously the retreating Red Army troops will not leave a single ton of gasoline behind—the destruction of gas is a quick, easy job. It must not be forgotten that an army powered with horses can move on grass (Russian army horses often subsisted on "thatched roofs" in 1914-18), but a moto-mechanized army must have gas and oil.

This is but one example of the difficulties that arise for the Germans in the sphere of military lines of communications. Such lines at present are about 400 miles long on the two main operative directions. The "panting" of the German army may not be noticeable at first glance, but there is no doubt that the Germans are getting winded.

Now the general Soviet plan of defense appears simple and clear: Complete the mobilization of a reserve army, not squandering it piecemeal. Keep it intact, concentrated, and poised in the vicinity of the points where logistics (the science dealing with the movement of and supplying of troops) show that the length of the enemy lines will be a most decisive factor. Then—attack fast, hard, and *en masse*. For such a concentration of forces the area east of the Leningrad-Odessa line offers an excellent network of railroads with the trunk "rockade" line (parallel to the front) from Bologoye to Briansk and the great line running from Archangel on the White Sea to Sebastopol on the Black Sea. Furthermore there are five radial trunk lines running from Moscow northwest, west, and southwest, and a number of intermediate lines.

Almost a month of fighting has plainly shown that the Red Army fights hard, wisely, and prudently, and that it is one with the people it defends. This is the point on which the German General Staff made their real mistake. They know it and they are driving hard for the Kremlin in the vain hope of forcing the capitulation of a state whose army they could not beat. The push on Moscow and Leningrad is more political than strategic.

COLONEL T.

Forced Landing

O HESS has come down like a bolt from the blue,
And nobody sent him and nobody knew,
By no one commissioned by no one enticed,
(It takes one for landing but two for a tryst)
He had only a map and a name and address,
There was never a fluke like the coming of Hess.

So timely he crashed near to Dungavel Hall,
Where no one expected his coming at all,
His letters unanswered, unguessed his design,
All the Scots that he knew were the words auld lang syne,
But his landing occasioned old friends no distress—
None were ever acquainted with vice-fuehrer Hess.

So costly his clothing, his manners so nice,
He had plainly no truck with a regime of vice,
News bulletins blushed to allude to his crimes,
He was washed white as snow in the ink of the *Times,*
His horror of bloodshed words could not express—

No ace was the equal of gentleman Hess.
We are armed against Nazi assaults from the air,
For peace-flights of Nazis we now must prepare,
We know what we hear but none say what they know,
And luckier envoys may still come and go,
But even appeasers are bound to confess
There was never a flop like the peace-flight of Hess.

—Sagittarius in the London "New Statesman and Nation."

Cables

(Continued from page 5)

of the Soviet citizen was shaking the hand of the freedom-loving, proud Englishman. London's courage was the first victory of human dignity over the barbarism of fascism. The huge splendid city was subjected to fearful bombardments. Historians will relate what those long winter nights were for London. Dwelling houses and museums went under. Vandals destroyed the wonderful British Parliament buildings. Populated districts went up in flames, but Britishers calmly answered "No."

Our coalition is the coalition of free, powerful peoples. Hitler has already learned what the Red Army is. Millions of fascist plunderers have been put out of action. And German admirals know what the British fleet is. The inhabitants of western Germany can tell Hitler of the daring of the British airmen.

And in the rear of our coalition is the might of the United States, its inexhaustible reserves, its huge plants, its battleships and bombers, its young, indomitable people. Hitler dreamed of "encircling" the Red Army. He has achieved one thing—the encirclement of Hitlerite Germany. Two fronts? No, dozens of fronts. Daredevil Frenchmen are already fighting under de Gaulle's command. These are only reconnaissance forces. But soon the entire French people, to the strains of the immortal *Marseillaise,* will hurl itself on the conquerors. And Norwegians, Czechs, Poles, Serbs: these enslaved people are waiting only for the first defeat of Hitler's army. That hour is near. The fraternal front of three great freedom-loving countries—this is the force that will crush Hitlerism, so hated by the entire world.

ILYA EHRENBOURG.

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WATCH FRANCE

A veteran of France's 1940 describes his reaction to the Soviet-Nazi war. "At last Hitler has a war on three fronts." How the French people feel.

Somewhere in unoccupied France (via Lisbon).

DEAR FRIENDS: I just turned off the radio. It has come. I have heard just one sentence. "The German army has crossed the Soviet border." That's all. That's enough.

We knew it was bound to happen—we have known it for the past twenty years. Now it's here. When I heard the news, I was overcome by a feeling of my own uselessness—not to be there, not to be able to help, to strike. At once I realized my childishness. We all can help, and strike, right where we are. From now on, we all are mobilized "for the duration."

You too must be sitting at your radio set now, as I am, and so are millions of people all over the world. I think of our German and Italian comrades. How elated they must feel, and how conscious of their responsibility. I think of those who have no radios, no newspapers, and will learn the news by grapevine, from the chance remark of a guard. Thanks to Petain, we begin to understand how they feel, we who still are free cautiously to live and silently to hate.

At last Hitler has a war on three fronts. The third front are we, the French, Belgian, Dutch, Scandinavian, Czech, Hungarian, and Balkan peoples, the Italians and the Germans. From this all important front, there will be no communiques, almost no news—for the time being. I'll do my best to keep you informed about my sector, the French one. Should I be silent for a while, don't let it disturb you. Who knew about the activities of the Bolsheviks a short time before the Revolution, when our late President of the Republic, the fascist Gaston Doumergue, came back from a mission in Russia and declared that all the Russians were solidly behind the czar?

It is too early to tell specifically what the French people will do. What I can try to describe are the promises and the achievements of the Petain government in its first year of dictatorship. Today I don't feel like writing a formal account of what is happening here. After all, these days we have an anniversary to think about, the anniversary of the betrayal of France.

A little over a year ago my unit, which had fought in the North, along the Belgian border, reached Paris. The city was already half evacuated. A steady stream of refugees was rolling southward. After a month of futile efforts to repulse the Stukas and the Nazi tanks with our 1914 rifles, we saw no basic difference between Paris and any other terrain we had to defend and eventually to flee. The bridges over the Seine were just bridges to be blown up, the trees along the avenues just trees to hide under in case of a sudden air raid.

Some shops were still open, but they had been emptied by the fleeing civilians. We

Aime

walked around in search of food: we were hungry.

As I was going down a deserted street, I met a worker in blue overalls. We had never seen each other before, but as a rule workers and soldiers do not need a formal introduction.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked.

He was excited and breathing heavily as if he had run for a long time.

"What news?" I asked.

He tried to catch his breath.

"Russia," he managed to say.

"What about Russia?"

"Russia is with us!"

"Russia fiddlesticks!" I aswered. "Ask me something else."

He seemed hurt.

"We've just learned it," he said. "Don't you believe me? Just wait and see."

For a moment I fought against a sweeping feeling of animal joy. Nonsense, sheer nonsense, I reasoned with myself. Why should the Soviet Union defend the French fascists against the German fascists?

"Nothing doing," I said finally.

"But listen," he pleaded. "Our boss had a phone call from an officer friend who works at the Invalides, the seat of the Military Governor of Paris. He said it's official." He saw that I was shaken, and hastily added, "I'm an old man, and sick too, too old and sick for their army. But now—give me a machine gun, give me anything, I'll fight. You just watch the workers."

The report about Soviet entrance into the war was false. But the working people of France knew that the USSR was indeed with them. And now it is known even to the most doubtful.

A few weeks later, Marshal Petain became Chief of State. Still a soldier, I heard him outline his program over the radio.

"We shall create an organized France," he said, "where the discipline of the subordinates will correspond to the authority of the chiefs, amidst equality for all. In every field we shall endeavor to form an elite and entrust them with leadership without taking into account anything but their capacities and their merits. Work is the supreme resource of our fatherland. It must be sacred. International capitalism and international socialism, which exploited and degraded it, both belong to the pre-war period. In our misled society, money, too often the servant and the tool of falsehood, was a means of domination. In a reconstructed France, money will be the reward of effort."

I have just found an old copy of a provincial daily which carried this speech, and remembered the farm on which a few of my comrades and I first heard it. It was at night, we were alone with the old farmer and his wife. The farmer seemed to respect Petain. "He's an old man," he said, "and a soldier. He must know and he won't lie." We, the soldiers, were skeptical: we had seen too many of our officers desert us and run away. "There's no use arguing," said the old woman, "in a year or so, we'll see."

She was right. Today we see.

"We shall create an organized France," Petain told us. Never was France plunged into such a state of anarchy as she is today. Only if organization means bureacracy, is France organized. Despite the scarcity of paper, heaps, tons, waterfalls of circulars, orders, counter-orders, explanatory notes, inquiries, instructions, rectified instructions, rerectified instructions, daily pour from the Vichy hotels turned into ministries. No one knows what they mean because no one cares.

Petain promised "equality for all." Well, if you are rich you can buy whatever delicacy you like and even never notice that there is such a thing as restrictions. But if you are poor, be content with half a pound of meat a week, with a pound of sugar a month. If your artistocratic ancestors fought, back in 1792, in the ranks of the Prussians and the Austrians against the armies of the Republic, and if you happen to be a Gentile, you may learn and teach, and work in whatever field you want to. But if your family which helped to build France for ten generations is Jewish, you may as well stand on the next street corner and beg. However, it is still better to be a rich Jew than a poor Christian. "Equality for all!"

"In every field, we shall endeavor to form an elite," the Marshal boasted. You know, of course, that Professors Jean Perrin, the Nobel Prize winner, Paul Langevin, and dozens of others were dismissed. Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* is banned by the censor. Georges Duhamel's last novel is not going to be printed. In schools they teach sports

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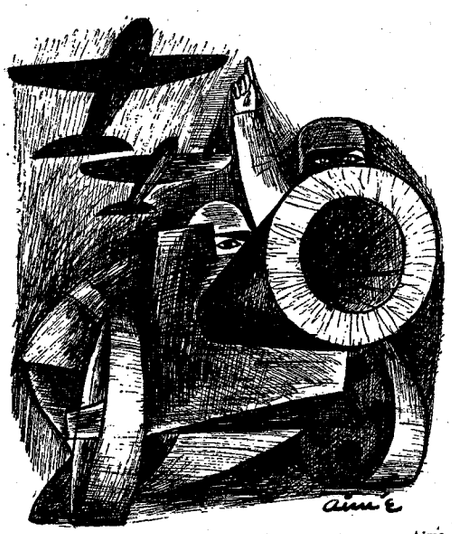
and morale. Only one elite has spontaneously formed itself around Vichy—the elite of rats.

He said, "Work must be sacred." For hundreds of thousands of men it is so sacred that they still are without jobs. The unemployed who refuse any occupation, anywhere, at any price, are deprived of relief. Those who do work still get pre-war wages and pay wartime taxes. If they protest or revolt, they are sent to concentration camps, sentenced to jail. Work may be sacred in Vichy, France, but the workers are not.

Petain was going to make away with "international capitalism." His first Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paul Baudoin, is on ten boards of directors of corporations located in China, New Caledonia, Jibuti, and Indo-China. Joseph Barthelemy, the present Minister of Justice, is a director of Portuguese railways. General Weygand was a member of the board of the British-controlled Suez Canal Company. François Pietri, the Vichy ambassador to Franco, is a director of the Asturienne des Mines, a Spanish mining concern.

The marshal also wanted to destroy "international socialism." If he meant by that the French section of the Socialist International, he could have spared himself the trouble. The rank and file is gone—for good. Some of the leaders now temporarily sit behind prison bars: many of them have been released already. Those who prefer German fascism are the best friends of Vichy. Paul Faure, Secretary General of the French Socialist Party, has been appointed a member of Petain's National Council, along with the avowed fascists, Colonel de la Rocque and Jacques Doriot, and a brilliant selection of an elite of rats. Gaillard, the former managing editor of the Socialist *Populaire;* Charles Spinasse, a minister in Leon Blum's Popular Front government, and a score of other leading Socialists put out a new daily paper, *L'Effort.* In an editorial titled, "What are we?" Spinasse, instead of giving the obvious answer, writes: "Enemies of the Communist Party since its inception, we have always defended against it the rights of the human personality, asserted against it that the workers have nothing to expect from violence and misery, that a free society cannot be based on pseudo-scientific materialism. We have not participated in the enterprise of perversion of the social work which was accomplished in 1936. . . ." And when the war broke out, he adds, he and his colleagues "thought only of defending our soil . . . while trying to seize every opportunity to begin peace negotiations with Germany."



Aimé

You know that Petain never had in mind to destroy these "socialists." Who he really meant were the Communists, but he preferred not to name them as if by not mentioning the name, he would charm the Party out of existence. In this field, too, he failed. There are, it is true, some 30,000 anti-fascists in French concentration camps today, the martial courts still heap years of jail sentences on the unbending shoulders of French Communists; underground printing shops are being raided, and illegal leaflets seized. In Paris, they even removed from the Grevin museum of wax works the figure of Maurice Thorez, general secretary of the Communist Party, probably because they were unable to arrest the original. The repression was going on for a year under Daladier and Paul Reynaud, and for another year under the marshal. With what results? Today the French people are "nervous and anxious because unfortunately many of them believe everything that is said and whispered even without pausing to think it over, many believe that what they hear every day over the clandestine or dissident radio is the absolute truth." I didn't say that; Admiral Darlan did, a few weeks ago, over the radio, and in the next sentence, he attacked the Communists—this time by name. As for Petain, in his last broadcast, he did not command, or boast. He tried lamely to defend his policy. "I need your faith," he said. "Believe me," he pleaded, "the moment has not yet come for you to take refuge in bitterness or to abandon yourself to despair. You have been neither sold out nor betrayed nor abandoned. Those who tell you so lie to you and throw you into the arms of Communism." What a language for a Chief of State, a marshal!

"Money . . . was a means of domination. In a reconstructed France, money will be the reward of effort," Petain asserted a year ago. Unless by "effort" he meant the new Socialist daily, he forgot all about his promise. On March 27 of this year, the 200 strongest shareholders of the Bank of France—the only ones admitted to vote and who, for that reason, gave birth to the expression "The 200 Families"—met and learned that the yearly dividend had been maintained at 320 francs, just as in the past years. The Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, the largest French banking house, earned in 1940 only 15,000,000 francs, against 21,000,000 the year before, but maintained the thirty-five francs dividend per share. L'Union Parisienne, the bank connected with the armaments firm of Schneider-Creusot, made the same profits in 1940 as in 1939, and paid the usual 6.5 percent dividend. The Catholic Credit Industriel et Commercial earned over 9,000,000 francs, paid a 20 percent dividend, and decided to double its capital by offering a new share to the holder of every old one. The Vichy government interfered with big business only to the extent of reducing from 3.25 percent to .25 percent the tax on capital newly invested in corporations, and cutting by one-half the tax on the benefits resulting from the gratuitous transfer of shares, should it follow the consolidation of two or more companies.

Money is no longer "a means of domination." It is just a coincidence if Petain's Minister of Industrial Production is a ranking employee of our steel trust, the Comite des Forges; if his Minister of National Equipment is the nephew of the president of the French Bankers Association; if the two men put in charge of the steel industry are former managers of Schneider-Creusot. The dictator of electric current distribution is a director of eight electricity trusts; the president of the Organization Committee for Liquid Fuels is the managing director of the French oil trust—combination of Standard Oil and Royal Dutch under the high patronage of the Rothschild bank.

There is, across my street, a poster that Vichy has put out to publicize its Treasury Bonds. Every morning, when I see it, I cannot help thinking that it is the most accurate picture of Petain France I have ever come across. It shows a church, a cemetery, a monument to the dead of the first world war, and a few old houses. To be complete, it only lacks a concentration camp.

I know, you want me to tell you about our underground activities? You must realize how it is. What is really important and interesting cannot be told. As for the rest—the stickers and chalkings on the walls, the leaflets, etc.—you certainly know all about it. Don't worry on our account. We're O.K. Think of the worker in blue overalls whom, a year ago, I met in the streets of Paris, and who said to me, because he thought the Soviet Union was going to war: "Give me a machine gun, give me anything. I'll fight. You just watch the workers."

So long, dear friends, and don't forget to watch the French workers.

As ever,

PAUL S.

Export Commodity

ON June 23 Martin Dies of Texas (elected to the House by benefit of poll tax and recently repudiated by a thumping majority of voters when he ran for the US Senate) declared:

"In my judgment, Hitler will be in control of Russia within thirty days."

The thirty days are more than up. The wishful prophecies of Dies are no better than those of Goebbels. Despite the blockade, isn't there some way to export the Texas fuehrer to a land where his talents will be more appreciated?

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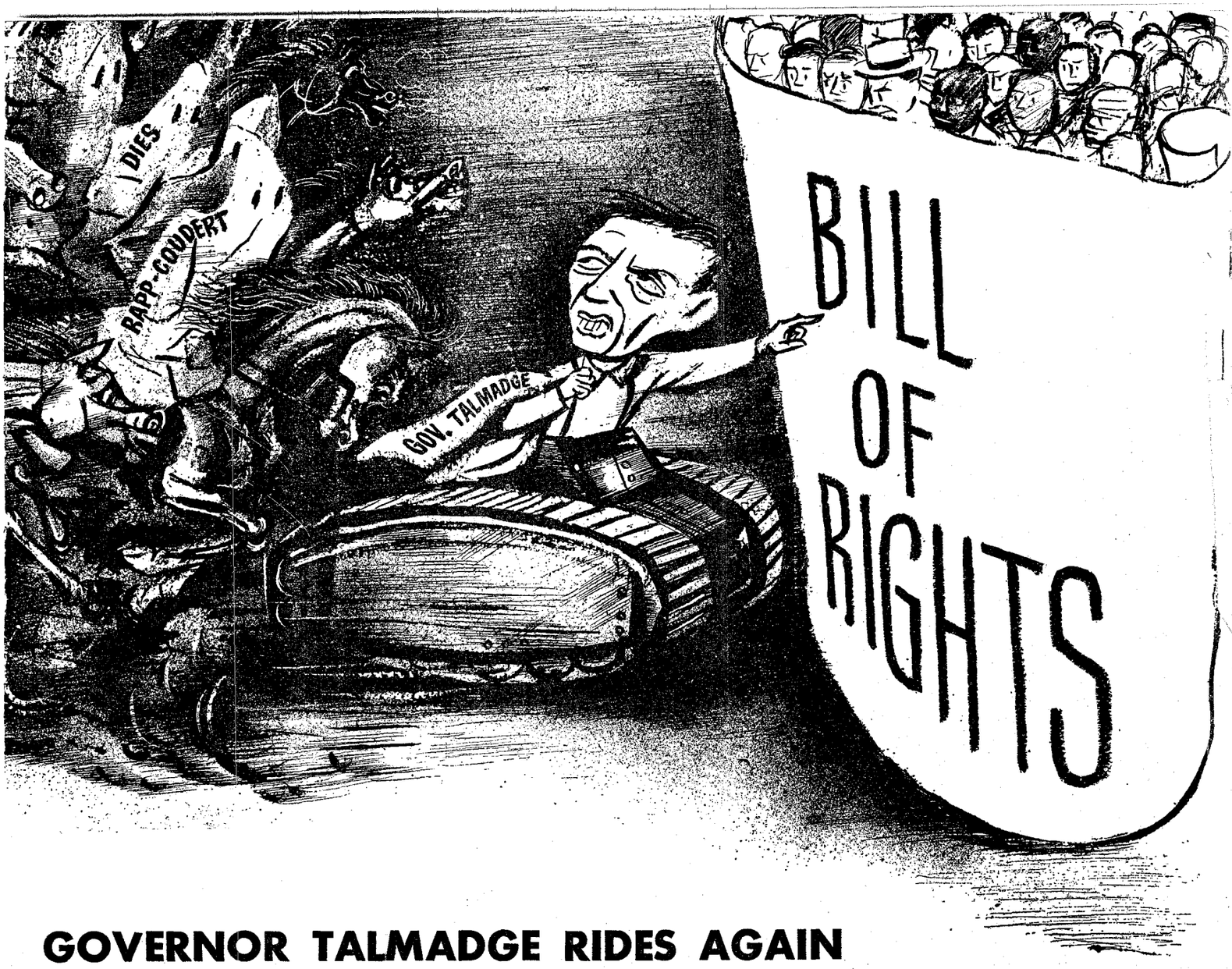

GOVERNOR TALMADGE RIDES AGAIN

Why the Georgia fuehrer fired two of the state's leading educators. Rapp-Coudertism of the South. How the Southern politician achieved power. His ambitions.

WE GEORGIA newspapermen were a little sore as we filed into Governor Talmadge's office one January day in 1936. An important columnist from the North—Ward Morehouse of the New York *Sun,* I believe it was—had been given an exclusive interview and there was a rumor in the dingy old statehouse that an important hint about the governor's political plans had been dropped in the course of his talk with the outsider.

As we filed to our places that day the governor seemed to sense our resentment. Instantly his mood was confidential. Up North, he said, the papers liked to speculate. You had to throw them a little bit and let them spin it out into columns. "Hell, Leo," he said to the Atlanta *Constitution's* man, "you know how it was when we went up North together. Why they don't know nothin' about conditions down here." As he spoke he eyed young Randolph Hearst shrewdly. Hearst was apprenticed out to his father's Atlanta *Georgian* and made the statehouse rounds in company with a pathetic little alcoholic who was the *Georgian's* regular reporter.

"Sure," the governor said, "up North the responsible folks are mad a-plenty at Roosevelt's wild spending. But they don't know the first thing about the one question that can set this Southern country on fire. . . ."

An aged Negro man clad in a white jacket entered the room and quietly began clearing away coca-cola bottles and glasses. There was silence until the old man had carried his tray from the room. Then the *Georgian's* reporter anticipated the governor's thought with a query: "You mean the question of the 'hewers of wood and the drawers of water,' don't you, governor?" The little man at the big desk did not answer. He smiled wisely and regarded the door by which the old man had left.

Last week, again the governor of Georgia, this nervous, moody little man with an unruly forelock not unlike that of a nervous, moody little man in Germany, condemned two men to loss of their livelihood. The two men on trial in the musty Georgia House of Representatives chamber were two of Georgia's best known educators, Dr. Walter Cocking, dean of the College of Education of the University of Georgia, and Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, president of Georgia State Teachers College. The charge against Dr. Cocking was threefold: he had been "interested in" the Rosenwald Fund, which contributes to Negro education in the South; he had read a book entitled *Brown America* by Edwin Embree of the Rosenwald Fund, and he had subscribed to the publications of the Interracial Commission, a Southern organization with headquarters in Atlanta. The charge against Dr. Pittman was simpler. He had "permitted" Negro students from Tuskegee University to eat sandwiches along with white students on the campus of Georgia State Teachers College.

In this grotesque drama of his own creation Eugene Talmadge was also a principal actor. He sat on a front bench in the House of Rep-

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resentatives chamber, his black eyes a-gleam, as his hand-picked Board of Regents aired the charges in the atmosphere of a lynching bee. At one point when he felt that dramatic interest was lagging he called to Regent Joe Ben Jackson, who is also a Justice of the Georgia Supreme Court, to "hit the chair and holler." Jackson arose and declaimed: "Any unintelligent white man, if he is white, is better than the best educated N - - - - - on earth."

But the ghastly spectacle was not without its victories. The papers recorded that Dr. Cocking received a "long round of applause" from the spectators for his straightforward statement answering Talmadge's attack. It was France's Bastille Day when Dr. Cocking took the stand in his own defense. Said he:

> July 14 was a great day of national celebration on the yearly calendar of the Republic of France, for it marked the birth of democracy in that nation. Today in the year 1941 the French people have been forbidden to celebrate the birth of their democracy, for Fuehrer Hitler has said that democracy is dead. Today is July 14 in Georgia also.

Furthermore, "victory" for Talmadge came only in a second trial. In the first the Board of Regents voted eight to seven to drop Talmadge's absurd charges. The infuriated governor immediately removed three of the majority members of the board and appointed three Negro-haters in their places. A rumor was circulated that the move had shattered the morale of the remaining members who had defied Talmadge, but the final vote showed that none of them had wavered. The last ballot was ten to five for conviction.

Talmadge makes no secret of the fact that he hopes to avenge, in 1942, his 1936 defeat by United States Sen. Richard R. Russell. Furthermore Talmadge has a complete plan of political conquest for the future. Two of the personalities who occupy important places in the governor's ambitious vision were given a chance to perform in last week's ritual of race hatred in the Georgia legislative chamber. They were James S. Peters, Manchester, Ga., banker, and Talmadge's choice to succeed him as governor, and L. W. (Chip) Robert, deposed secretary of the Democratic National Committee. In the hands of Puppeteer Talmadge these two men performed efficiently. Banker Peters was given the task of presenting the governor's "case" against the Rosenwald Fund. He said, "This foundation, which is composed of foreign influences, hopes to erase the superiority of the white man in Georgia." After the orgy was done Robert applied the clincher. He proposed a resolution praising Governor Talmadge for "valuable assistance" in "calling our attention to vital matters which involve fundamental principles and traditions of the Southland." The resolution was adopted by the same ten-to-five vote which ousted Dr. Cocking and Dr. Pittman.

The question that naturally arises from this state of affairs is: Why is it that the aspiring dictator of Georgia finds it possible and politically expedient to use race hatred as his principal weapon? Is this fact an indictment of the people of Georgia? Of course not. In the first place, as matters now stand in Georgia, this tactic needs only to be successful with a fraction more than eight percent of the population of Georgia. A survey by the Southern Conference for Human Welfare last year revealed that only 16.2 percent of Georgia's population voted in the all-important Democratic primary. A majority of this small fraction is all Talmadge needs to secure his power.

But in poll-tax Georgia the situation is aggravated by two additional factors: a property qualification for voters (voters must own either forty acres of land or possess $500 in real property); and the "county unit system" of voting. In its practical application, here's how democracy is reduced to a mockery in Georgia: after the poll-tax and property qualifications have effectively disfranchised *all* but the well-to-do, then the "county unit system" begins to operate. Under this system the counties vote as a block. The smallest 121 counties in the state have one vote each, thirty counties have two votes each, and the three largest have three votes each. For instance, in rural Chattahoochee County after poll-tax and property qualifications have reduced the voting list to the county's 400 wealthiest residents, these 400 registered voters cast one county unit vote. On the other hand Fulton (Atlanta) County, with a population of 400,000 and 60,000 registered voters casts three votes. Or in other words, as eyed by a Georgia politician, a voter of urban Fulton County has approximately one-fiftieth the value of a voter in rural Chattahoochee. Naturally politicians in state-wide contests pay scant attention to Atlanta when the vote, say, of Landlord Brown of Chattahoochee looms fifty times larger than the vote of Auto Assembly Plant Worker Jimmy Smith, member of the Atlanta Local of the United Automobile Workers.

Then when one considers this compound of handicaps and at the same time recalls that the people of Georgia—stirred by the forces let loose by the genuine New Deal—administered a resounding defeat to Talmadge in the summer of 1936, one understands that there is powerful potential progressive energy in Georgia. It is an energy which has become kinetic twice in Georgia's history, first in the days of Populist Leader Tom Watson, and later in the sudden rallying of support to the New Deal of the late thirties. Georgia reaction understands this fact and lives in deadly fear of its consequences.

Talmadge has been called a pint-sized Hitler and this designation fits him not only because his behavior merits it, but because he has frankly expressed his admiration for the German dictator. In 1935 Talmadge was interviewed by Joseph North. After some talk about the Angelo Herndon case North asked Talmadge for his opinion of Hitler. Talmadge eyed his visitor cautiously and then drawled, "'Course I don't know for sure, since I haven't ever been to Germany. But folks I know been there and they think a heap of Hitler."

After 1935 the little Georgian's ambition burst all bounds. He set himself a maximum and a minimum goal. The maximum was the Presidency, which he hoped to win through a coalition of Southern Ku Klux Klan Democrats and Northern financiers, fused through the medium of race hatred and hatred of the 1936-38 New Deal. His minimum goal was a post in the Cabinet, preferably Secretary of Agriculture, of a Republican president whose obligation to Talmadge would accrue through aid in splitting the Democratic Party vote.

Talmadge was quick to learn that upon such a program he could win the financial support of some of the biggest names in American industry. To launch his hate offensive he assembled in Macon, Ga., in January of 1936 an aggregation of Southern fascists. He called it his "Grass Roots" convention. Among the headline speakers was aged and venomous Thomas Dixon, author of *Birth of a Nation,* who screeched about "Southern womanhood" while copies of a throwaway called "Georgia Women's World" were distributed about the hall. Another speaker was sweating, beefy Gerald L. K. Smith, looking for a roost as high priest of a new messiah since Huey Long's demise. There was red-faced old John Henry Kirby, Texas lumberman, financial angel of Martin Dies and a member of the executive committee of a fascist outfit called Sentinels of the Republic.

The public was not greatly surprised by the behavior of this fascist aggregation. Many were shocked, however, when the Black committee began to reveal the names of the financial backers. They included du Pont's and General Motors' man, John J. Raskob, down for a $5,000 contribution; Pierre S. du Pont himself gave $3,000 before the convention and $2,000 afterwards and three other du Ponts, Lammot, Henry, and Irenee kicked in for a couple of thousand each. Alfred P. Sloan was good for $1,000 and L. S. Mudge of Weirton Steel Corp., covered a like sum. Georgia's own industrialists, no less willing but less affluent, gave smaller amounts. The Black committee, limited for funds, did not claim to have presented a complete picture of the financing of Southern fascism's big fusion meeting. William Randolph Hearst made his contribution in trade. His Chicago *Herald-Examiner* ran one solid Sunday rotogravure page with a heroic picture of Talmadge. The entire Hearst chain did obeisance to "Gene."

So last week Talmadge, his flamboyant ambition unchecked, was making haste. An aroused world is at war against fascism. In the spectacle of the trial of the two educators in Georgia's House of Representatives Talmadge was fashioning his most effective weapon, the brutal race hatred of that minority of Georgia voters who at present wield the ballot. The venom of these landlords and industrialists constitutes Talmadge's panzer divisions. He has yet to mobilize his support and supply. This was forthcoming once from some of the richest men in the country. It came once and it will come again, Talmadge hopes, when the time is opportune. And against this time Talmadge is making haste.

ERNEST MOORER.

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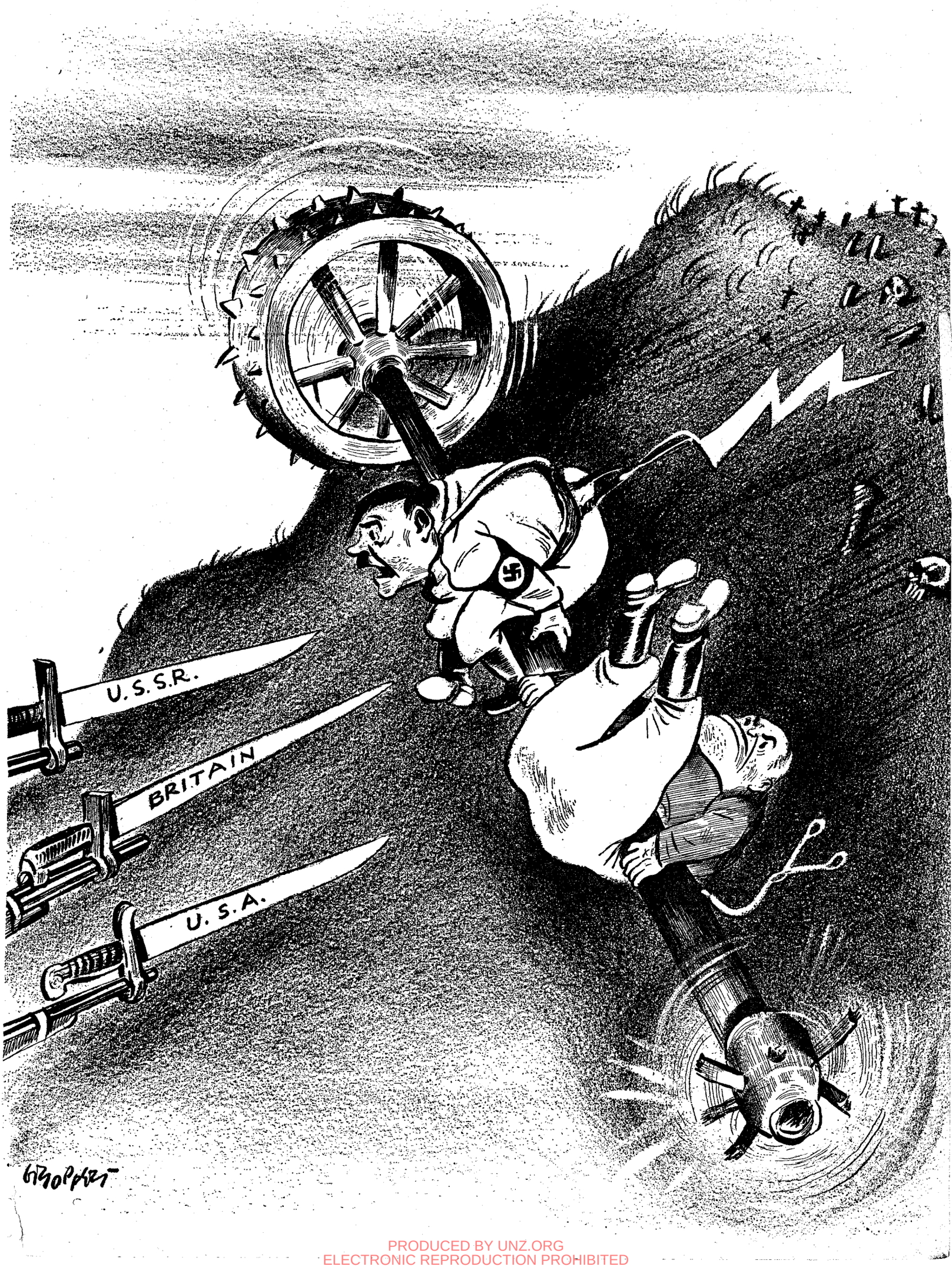

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ADDRESS TO THE COURT

Morris Schappes speaks to the judge. "I am not an enemy of the people." His stirring words before the Court sentenced him to one and a half years in prison.

YOUR Honor, I want briefly, respectfully, to address the Court before you pronounce sentence. I have spent an interesting two weeks in the Tombs, your Honor. I had a lot of time to think, to read, and to listen to the fellows who were with me on my tier, to the keepers and others who would speak to me. One of the things I reflected upon deeply was the question and the answer to the question, "Am I an enemy of my people? Am I an enemy of the Court? Am I an enemy of the institutions of my country?"

I did not reach the answer to my own question only by my own thinking. Unsolicited and unexpected correspondence was delivered to me every morning (and on holidays, I am grateful to say, by special delivery) from friends I had known and worked with for years, from some whom I had never seen, from others whom I honored but had not personally met. I understand that similar, even more voluminous correspondence has been received by your Honor.

These letters and messages helped me reach a conclusion toward which I was perhaps, in the first instance, biased, that is, that I am not an enemy of the people; that I have done nothing against their interests; that I have, in fact, if I may speak modestly, been of some help, of help to the 4,000 students who have learned from me whatever I could teach them; of help to the hundreds of colleagues who have worked with me in the College Teachers Union; of help to hundreds of others that I casually met, and in some way or other influenced, as an anti-fascist, and when I was a member of the Communist Party.

AGAINST ME there has been brought to bear, in addition to charges which have already been tried, an attitude of mind, a frame of thought which I think your Honor is aware of.

It was on the eve, I think, of Independence Day—no, I am wrong there—a month before—that a state senator made a speech to a group of women; mothers, I am sure some of them were, in which he said, as he was reported in the New York *Times,* that this community could not live with me; that if certain people had iron in their soul, they would not jail mad dogs who had bitten their children, they would shoot them; and he called for brutal treatment of teachers like myself. Part of that speech, as it was reported in the *Times,* apparently was incorrectly reported because, a few days later, Senator Coudert made a correction of part of that *Times* story. He did *not* make a correction of any part of the speech which I have paraphrased for you.

Another question that I thought of was: "Why that frame of mind? Am I a subversive person? Have I committed subversive acts?"

Even Mr. Gelb [the assistant district attorney] did me the honor at the trial of assuring the jury and the Court that I was not a flame-thrower, and that I need not answer questions about my beliefs with reference to such things as force and violence, because I was not being accused of having advocated, and certainly not perpetrated, any such acts.

WHAT have I done for twenty-seven years since my parents, leaving czarist Russia, brought me here by way of South America? The community has educated me, has provided me with the means to develop such abilities as I have had and have exhibited. I took an oath upon graduation from the City College, the Ephebic Oath; I treasure every sentence and word in that oath. When I was appointed to the College after a half year of rather desolate unemployment (a half year during which I had no prospects, I thought, of becoming a teacher because I was handicapped by a disqualifying speech defect that would have effectively barred me from the grammar and high school teaching rolls)—when I was offered an appointment, I seized it, snatched at it. I studied hard, taught hard, and won the respect of my colleagues and students, the chairman of my department, of some professors with whom I continued to study, even after I was appointed to the teaching staff.

I do not want here to describe some of the conditions of tenure or lack of tenure, of appointment, of salary, of unacademic, undignified competition for advancement that I found in the first few years when I was a very, very junior and minor member of the teaching staff, a large teaching staff with hundreds of people in it. However, there were those of us who thought that it was more dignified to organize for the improvement of these teaching conditions and for the protection of the student body than it was to compete, not honorably, but in a way that is known as "campus politics," for advancement and honor.

The students, also, at the college, interested me a great deal. I knew their background because I had come from that background. When my freshmen in composition, in response to my first assignment which invariably was, "Write me a letter of introduction telling me who you are and where you came from, where you think you are going," wrote to me of their problems and difficulties, I knew them and knew their parents and knew their aspirations.

In those years of the deep crisis, I felt it was awfully hard to teach these young men—and I do not have to tell your Honor they are the most capable, select body of young men that can be admitted to college. They were in despair. They lived from day to day. They did not know how they could repay their parents for their sacrifices. They did not know how they would get a job. They did not know whether the training they were receiving, the education they were acquiring, would ever be put to use.

Since then I have met honor students of mine, one of them without a finger—met him on the street. What happened? He is an operator in a factory, with a BA degree; the salary is not bad—*but* it is an awful waste of human effort and human ability; I know many such cases.

I studied the students' problems; I did not try to suggest solutions; I tried only to have them develop courage and confidence in the fact that our people, who have solved so many problems, can solve this one, too.

The students had an unsympathetic presidential administration. It is not out of any personal malice toward the man who filled that office that I speak these next few words, but I cannot forget, your Honor, how the anti-fascist students of the City College—informed that their president had invited a delegation of Italian students sent here on a fascist propaganda mission, informed that he had invited them to the Great Hall and commanded our student body and our teaching staff to come to that Great Hall to do honor to them—protested in advance. They pleaded with the administration, "Don't inflict upon us the indignity of compelling us to do honor to those to whom we owe no honor, for whom we have no honor, nor respect, except as students who are duped by the Italian fascists." The president, it seemed to me incredible, had those Italian students brought in. They were presented to our student body. Our student body reacted, perhaps, unwisely, although I would not reprove them now, and did not then. There was a melee and a disturbance. Twenty-one of our students, who had gotten in with high averages, were expelled by that president, that administration, for protesting against fascism, when it was not so popular to protest against it. Some of us young men on the staff were horrified by that. We spoke individually, ineffectively; and out of those twenty-one expulsions that year and the twenty-one expulsions the following year for some similar incidents, there grew a desire to build the Anti-Fascist Association of the staffs of the City College. Some 200 members—Dean Gottschall, Professor Krikorian, Professor Abelson, men who figured that those of us who were young and who were perhaps, well, more rash, more honest maybe—were deserving of their support when we brought to the College dignified scholars like Gaetano Salvemini of Harvard, Max Ascoli of the New School for Social Research, Kurt Rosenfeld, the ex-Minister of Justice of Weimar Republic, Lewis Mumford, Morris Raphael

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Cohen, and others to address those people on the staff who were attracted to these meetings on Sunday afternoons. Expulsions of students for anti-fascist activity never again took place, your Honor, at the College. I do not want to draw too direct causal connections. I do not think we had nothing to do with the period of comparative peace that reigned at the College after the staffs began to organize.

Then there was the union. The Teachers Union took up grievances. You know what kind. One man in the personnel bureau, a doctor of philosophy, working there for three years at $600 a year. Those were grievances that shocked the keepers upstairs when they asked me about the conditions at the College. We needed a union, and we built it. It was an honest, democratically run union. The Board of Higher Education recognized our constructive purposes, cooperated with us. I won't forget that day when Mr. John T. Flynn, head of a committee of by-law revision, held an open hearing for the staffs to attend, the first time in the ninety years of history of the College that the members of the staff individually, speaking only as individuals, or through their organized bodies, could appear before the Board of Higher Education and address them on matters of public import connected with the College. Everybody went out of that public hearing feeling that democracy was being realized in practice where before there had been, perhaps, a good many sweet words about it, but not the machinery and the apparatus to develop the ability of establishing it.

I HAVE SEEN the union transform individuals, your Honor, young men, middle-aged men, who had been very good teachers, very good scholars, who apparently had abilities that were never to be realized within the academic walls. Not everybody could become the head of a department and exhibit his administrative ability. Here in the union they became executives; they became committee members; they began to learn how to work together, and in a college it is important because scholarship in our community sets a price upon individuality, not so much upon cooperation with others. They began to learn how to work together, how to argue things out, how to settle differences, rise above individualities and beyond pettiness. I was not the only one that noticed character change, character development and growth; that, of course, had its effect upon every relationship these men went into, whether it was in the classroom, at a department meeting, or outside in public life.

In addition to these things I devoted my attention to scholarship and to study. I was honored that Prof. Morris Raphael Cohen came as a character witness, my only character witness; I needed no others. Who else could have said more? Who else could have done more? He gave me his word of confidence in the fact that I was a man of integrity, honest, and he felt, a respected member of the college community with which I was connected for thirteen years.

But there is more than a personal story I want your Honor to listen to before you pronounce sentence. There is what I cannot keep out of my consciousness, and which I think is pertinent to the case. Our schools are being attacked. I hope that changed tempers and changed atmospheres, changes which, perhaps, we had little to do with, will have some bearing. There was a time when the President of our country rebuked the Dies committee for what he called its "sordid procedure." There was a time when the President of the Board of Higher Education rebuked the Dies committee for its attacks on the College. I hope the times are becoming favorable for similar truthful and courageous observations of opinion on the functioning of the Rapp-Coudert committee—more the Coudert part rather than the Rapp part of it, I believe.

Looking at the educational scene largely, we take stock of a year of activity and find the five-and-a-half-million-dollar budget cut. One of the witnesses here said that is important because of the children. Fourteen hundred who are called permanent substitutes (a kind of pathetic and undemocratic designation for them) are forced out of their jobs. One of the 1,400 substitutes who will not get a reappointment in September is my own wife. Townsend Harris Hall High School is in the process of being closed down piecemeal, although the Board of Higher Education has the opportunity, following a decision of one of your fellow Justices, I believe, to save that school. And then, what is more important, I wish your Honor or deputies of your Honor could have gone into the college halls and gotten some of the men, some of the men who are not in any way connected with this particular situation, gotten them to describe the atmosphere now. It is what it was in 1928, where, in the faculty dining room, intelligent men did not discuss intelligent things, because they did not dare, your Honor. They discussed road maps, roads, the weather, because there was no confidence that if they discussed more serious things, whether they should be Democrats or Republicans for instance, that it might not redound to their academic disadvantage. In more recent years, the faculty, as a whole, has faced its own problems more courageously. It has given freer rein to its ability, to its intellectual curiosity, expressed its conviction. Now a pall, an intellectual pall, is settling upon the college. People do not want to be seen speaking to other people, although they are personal friends, for fear that somebody will say, "Well, so and so doesn't talk to the right people about the right things."

That is not an atmosphere in which a college can flourish. My sympathy goes out to the students who have to sit before teachers who will be afraid to answer questions that will be put to them—because the students *will* put questions—and the teachers will be afraid to answer them, not often because they do not know the answers, but because they do. Is that an atmosphere in which a college—the largest municipally supported college in the world—can such a college flourish in such an atmosphere?

Letters I get, whispers, and so on—they make me fear for the future of an institution I have loved and worked in for twenty-one years, starting as a student in Townsend Harris Hall.

THE WITNESSES brought against me said they had changed stories; said they had gone down and said one thing, and then changed their stories. In the case of each one I do not think I bear any personal malice. I think I understand them. I think I understand the pressures that were brought to bear upon them. . . . There are other things. These people who took the stand are the victims of the kind of thing that exiles from Germany have spoken to me about, exiles who knew the universities in the Weimar Republic, knew how young men were graduated from these universities with ability, intelligence, and ambition and aspirations, but no opportunities for advancement, no opportunities to secure a position.

Some men buckle under these pressures; some men and women will do anything—perhaps not understanding the consequences, not sufficiently understanding them—to realize what it is that is forcing them in this direction. They will do anything for security. They will do anything for a permanent position when they are hanging on by the skin of their teeth year after year, teaching three courses in the evening session, and so on.

These conditions brought men to change testimony, brought men without evidence or with, it seems to me—I am not retrying the case; this is an expression of opinion—to tell a story which has, I think, because of the temper of the times more than anything else, won the credulity of a jury. I have no quarrel with the jury. I reflected on how honestly they admitted their prejudice. It seems to me there are more things between us, your Honor, between me and this Court, between the things I stand for and this Court, than meet the eye.

It is on these grounds, Judge Goldstein, that I respectfully ask you to allow me to return to the work I have done, I am assured by others, not without honor, and I feel in my conscience and in my heart, without disgrace to my people and to this country. It is on these grounds I ask you to suspend your sentence.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

"New Masses" asks its readers to join in the campaign to free Morris U. Schappes by writing or wiring Gov. Herbert Lehman, at Albany, N. Y., urging Schappes' pardon. Please send copies of your letters to the New York press.

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"New Masses" has invited a number of prominent individuals to comment on the Soviet-Nazi war and on the question of aid to the USSR and Britain in order to defeat Hitlerism. In publishing them, "New Masses" does not necessarily agree with all that is said. Whatever differences there may be, however, we feel that the most important thing at this time is to unite all those who wish the defeat of Hitlerism behind a program of full assistance to the Soviet Union, Britain, and the peoples fighting Nazism.—The Editors.

HOW I FEEL A

Donald Henderson

President, United Cannery, Agricultural and Allied Packing Workers of America

REGARDING your letter of July seventh, our international executive board is now formulating the official policy of the union. However, my personal opinion is to give every possible kind of aid against Hitler fascism and to do everything possible to aid in the defense of the only workers' government. In order to mobilize the American labor movement more effectively, I believe a labor commission representing the AFL, the CIO, and the Railroad Brotherhoods should visit both the USSR and Great Britain to work out ways and means of most effectively uniting the efforts of the workers' movement in all three of these countries against Hitler.

Marcel Scherer

International Vice-President, Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians

Our organization has always taken an unalterable stand against Hitler and Nazism. We tasted our first attacks of Red-baiting because of this position. Our people trained for careers in the fields of chemistry, engineering, and architecture, have had hopes and dreams of following these pursuits for the benefit of our nation and for the progressive development of mankind. We knew Hitlerism for what it was—a negation of the fruits of science, a prostitution of science to a program of murderous warfare, race hatred, and the destruction of all democratic expression and thought.

At the present time the embattled peoples of Great Britain and the Soviet Union are meeting this challenge of Hitlerism and its program of world domination on the battlefield. The success of this democratic people's alliance is the hope of the United States and spells the defense of our nation, its democratic institutions, and its future.

It is incumbent upon all of us to give unstinted support to this struggle against Hitlerism. Now we in the United States can take courage at the valiant struggle of the peoples of Great Britain and the Soviet Union with a feeling of certainty that if our nation lends its support and gives all possible aid to this struggle, that the military defeat of Hitler is assured. That will end the greatest threat to the security and defense of our nation.

Let us particularly be on guard against those people in this land who in the past have been foremost in Red-baiting and labor-baiting, and who are today continuing this service, giving encouragement to the mad program of Hitler. Red-baiting at this time is intended to deliberately confuse the issue and calculated to prevent full aid to the Soviet Union which in effect is support and comfort to Hitler.

The engineers and technicians of our nation join with all of labor and the professions to urge our government to give full support to insure the complete defeat and destruction of Hitler and all that Hitlerism stands for so that we may be enabled to continue upon our program of social betterment, the extension of democratic institutions and a progressive life for our people and all of humanity.

Hugh DeLacy

President, Washington Commonwealth Federation

The main enemy of the American people is the pro-fascist clique toward which isolationist spokesmen appear now to be gravitating. Lindbergh's declaration that he would prefer to see this country ally itself to Germany rather than to the Soviet Union and the America First characterization of the President's statements in favor of Soviet aid as "fighting to make Europe safe for Communism" are typical.

Such statements are intended to prevent the United States from giving effective aid to the peoples and governments fighting Hitler and Hitlerism, provide a cover for rigid domination of the Western Hemisphere by Wall Street imperialism, and give fresh impetus to the already alarming drive against the foundations of American democracy, particularly the rights guaranteed in the US Constitution and won by the bitter struggles of organized labor.

Since Hitler cannot win against the united force of Great Britain and the Soviet Union, backed by American aid, his only hope lies in the direction of his own appeal to the powerful anti-labor, pro-fascist interests of England and the United States. Just as his victory would strengthen such forces in relation to their own peoples throughout the world, so his destruction by a united movement of all liberty-loving peoples and their governments would open the way for a resurgence of freedom and democratic progress.

Thousands of Americans, and I among them, have not felt that the British empire and American big businessmen really would, or could, destroy Hitlerism and set the peoples of Europe and other lands free of their oppressors. Many of us feared that a British victory would mean simply an exchange of masters.

With Hitler's attack upon the Soviet Union, however, and with his appeal to all enemies of democracy everywhere, it has become clear to me for the first time not just that Hitler could be checkmated or compelled to play someone else's tune for a time, but that he and all he stands for might be utterly destroyed.

The American people have long hated Hitler, and now in our struggle for better living standards, for labor's rights, for our democratic liberties, we find ourselves in direct conflict at home with most of the same reactionaries who champion Hitler's cause abroad and denounce or secretly sabotage the President's announced pledge of Soviet aid.

The American people's fight against fascism beginning, as it always has, in a struggle against reaction at home, inevitably carries with it full support for all other peoples fighting for freedom and abundance, full support and aid to all, who like the people and governments of Britain and the Soviet Union, are locked in desperate battle with the armed spearhead of world reaction.

Herbert Biberman

Film and Theater Director

One cold, hard fact faces us today. A war against Hitlerism is being waged. It will end with the utter defeat and destruction of Hitlerism. This can be said without fear of error. Humanity has always known the only possible way to achieve deliverance from the threat of world bondage. That only possible way was and is the unity of all nations, races, creeds, and shades of anti-fascist political opinion in a single assault upon the dung mountain of this time. That that unity is now within reach of the people of the entire world is a source of realistic hope.

The errors and crimes of past appeasement lie at our feet in mounds of dead. The errors and crimes of hatred of the Soviet Union are also mounds of dead at our feet. It is hard to forgive so many mounds of dead, so vainly dead. But we cannot indulge ourselves in the past. The present is upon us mightily. It holds within it more hope than we have seen in this decade of insanity which we have barely survived.

There has been only one possible answer to a war against Hitlerism, there is only one answer, there will be only one answer. Fight it! Win it! In action today there are only fascists and anti-fascists. Anti-fascists have a world to rescue. We will rescue it.

We will rescue our world not by becoming Hitleresque automatons driven by blustering demagogy. We have no use for demagogy. We

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OUT THE WAR

have the fierce truth. This fierce truth will bring into this battle from hundreds of millions of us all over the world, the democratic initiative and the democratic rage which until now was prevented from battling the battle for freedom. Unified, and thus given practical freedom to fight for practical freedom, the people of the world will storm the fascist hell and destroy it.

Paul Strand

Motion Picture Photographer, Director

When the Nazi war machine struck without warning against the peace and freedom of the USSR, history moved faster than planes or panzer divisions. With the swiftness of lightning it drove the spearheads of its truth through one lie after another.

The Communazi myth, the most incredible of all anti-Soviet falsehoods, was the first to be shattered. All the wishful illusions about the weakness and inferiority of the Red Army stand refuted by its magnificent resistance to a powerful enemy having all the advantages of a bandit who treacherously picks his own time and place to strike. Now Mannerheim Finland stands revealed as a fascist outpost ready to welcome and aid any enemy of the Soviet Union. And here, within a few days, our own America First Committee exposes itself as a Hitler-first committee. Each day of this war sweeps away the wholesale mendacities and distortions which have been circulated about and against a country whose only desire has been to build a good life for its people in peace with all nations.

To those who were not confused or misled by this welter of misinformation and untruth which for years has been spread about the Soviet Union, the fascist assault upon it came as a terrific shock, but certainly as no surprise. Throughout history those who have struggled for human freedom, for human dignity and creativeness, have been the victims of ruthless attack. Thus did Christ bring crucifixion upon himself; thus was the North fired upon at Sumter, and the men of labor were hanged at Haymarket.

Now in our time the decaying viciousness of Hitlerism, strong only in its terroristic will to destroy life, has flung itself *in desperation* upon the young and healthy society of the Soviets, which is, as von Ribbentrop stated, the antithesis of German fascism. So at last the issue between the forces of destruction and those of progress, is joined in its ultimate clarity for all to see.

That issue is not only a question of the ability of the Soviet peoples to defend their land and themselves against pillage and enslavement. The whole future of freedom everywhere is at stake. In this struggle we can also know from history that the corrupt forces of life cannot in the end win out.

They surely cannot win if men and women of honest instinct, who make up the great mass of liberty-loving humanity, stand together now with eyes opened, demanding the immediate aid to the Soviet Union promised by their elected representatives. It is necessary to see to it that this help is quick and effective, that it is not sabotaged by those men both in Europe and our own country, who secretly or openly sympathize with fascism and already have given sufficient evidence of their willingness to use Hitler tactics. No one must be allowed to confuse us with lies and thereby weaken us in our will to wipe fascism of every kind off the face of the earth.

Every blow struck by the armies and the peoples of Russia and of Britain against Hitler, every blow that the peoples now under his heel will strike against him, is struck in our defense. We too must voice our love of liberty and our sense of truth, in deeds.

Bernhard J. Stern

Professor of Sociology and Anthropology

Hitler, through his ruthless and unconscionable attack upon the Soviet Union, will find himself at grips not merely with a government and its army but with an entire people. The Soviet masses are not merely defending their lives and their country. They identify themselves with the cause of the common people everywhere. And the common people of America must see that they win. There must be no retreat or equivocation by the government in carrying out the promise of aid to the Soviet Union against the Nazi aggressor. The ignominy of its policy on Spain must not be repeated.

Marc Blitzstein

Composer, Dramatist, "No for an Answer," etc.

I believe that the war has now taken a decisive turn; that it is really a people's war and all possible aid must be given to the Soviet Union and Britain to wipe Nazism, wherever it may be found, off the face of the earth.

There is a great danger that there will be a lot of talk about such aid with no intention of acting. It is the duty of all progressively and democratically minded people to force such action out of our authorities.

Christina Stead

Novelist, author of "House of All Nations," "The Man Who Loved Children," etc.

As an Australian, coming from a country with a militant working class, and soldiers, who have already fought against German and Italian fascism, I am glad to think that the present British alliance with the Soviet Union specifically engages us to fight as allies of the first country of the proletariat and not merely as the colonial troops of an imperialism; not as pawns of a distant government, trusted with the mission of throwing their lives away recklessly in foreign lands, but as workers who are fighting for workers. I am glad to think that the forced action taken by the British government in a desperate moment has served to encourage the hopes of those oppressed by reaction and has given new vigor to the British socialist working class. It is wonderful to see how naked is the issue in the world now; that if a nation must withstand fascism, it equally must stand with socialism.

Millen Brand

Novelist, "The Outward Room," "The Heroes," etc.

During Spain, the United States, particularly the State Department, refused under English and Catholic hierarchical pressure to believe that it was advisable to help the Spanish people in its fight against open fascist aggression. Now the menace of fascism has risen to world proportions and again pressure will be exerted to keep the United States from giving support to the most stubborn and heroic fighter against fascism, the Soviet Union. So far there has been talk about help to the Soviet Union, but the people of the United States have been treated to a long history of words without content, of high statement and lagging or contradictory performance. Organize pressure now for the fullest and realest support for the one great bulwark against fascism, the people of Soviet Russia and the working people of Europe.

Budd Schulberg

Novelist, "What Makes Sammy Run"

You have asked me for a statement of my attitude toward the war in the East. I am unable to view the Russian-German war as a gutter fight between two thieves who have fallen out over the spoils. It seems to me that Litvinov was talking about the necessity of checking Nazi aggression and world domination through the collective action of the more enlightened countries when the English and French politicians (I almost called them statesmen) were playing patty-cake with Adolf and Hermann. I do not know who is going to win this war, I am not as optimistic as some of my friends; all I know is that if we Americans let the Russian and English people down as we let the Spanish people down and virtually let the Chinese people down, we are digging the grave of progress and freedom here in America and throughout the world.

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INTRIGUE IN ARGENTINA

Why Washington, London, and Berlin keep an eye on events in the southernmost American nation. The tug of war between reaction and progress. Why "La Hora" was raided.

THE day after Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union the Argentine police raided the offices of *La Hora,* the Communist newspaper. Printing presses were halted, the premises boarded up, and the entire editorial staff carted off to jail. The reason, said the government, was the newspaper's "un-neutral attitude" toward the new turn of the war. And on the next day, when thousands of Buenos Aires working men paraded along the docks, singing the Internationale, cheering the Soviet merchant steamers lying offshore, the police crashed into the marchers, arresting some 180 of them.

Attitude toward foreign policy is a critical issue in Argentina today, an especially complex issue because so many different external and internal factors are involved. Argentina is one of the key nations of the hemisphere. Although its population is only 13,000,000 in a country about the size of our own Northwest, fully one-third of its people live in the great metropolis on the delta of the Rio del Plata, in Buenos Aires, the third ranking city of both continents, larger than all others except Chicago and New York. Argentina's industrial development exceeds that of any other Latin American nation. Its vast ranches and pampas to the south and west comprise one of the world's greatest granaries. Argentina is one of the world's great exporting nations in agricultural goods: its whole existence is bound up with the problem of finding a market for its beef, corn, and wheat.

What happens in Argentina is of the greatest interest to the Nazis. It is one of the concentration points of their intrigue, and they have filtered into high places in the government and the army. Central Europe has always offered a major market for Argentine produce, and Hitler's influence in that country is based on the promise of giving an outlet to these goods when the war is over. Likewise with Spain, which is now dependent on Argentine grain. What happens in Buenos Aires is also of vital importance for Britain. Some 3,000,000,000 pounds are invested in Argentine railroads, shipping and public utilities. Britain has ordinarily taken most of Argentina's beef, her wool, hides, and linseed oils. British influence in all phases of Argentine life is traditional and the country is sometimes considered as approaching the status of an unofficial dominion in the empire.

What happens in Buenos Aires is moreover of major significance for Washington. American diplomacy remembers very keenly that at the Lima conference in the winter of 1938 and at the Havana conference last summer, it was the Argentine delegation which took a very independent stand toward the aims of American imperialism, reflecting not only the fine hand of Great Britain but the growing maturity and independence of the Argentine bourgeoisie. Sumner Welles' concern with these questions was apparent in the unusual ceremonies that were recently accorded to the new foreign minister of Argentina, Ruiz Guinazu. And it is a commentary on past relations that negotiations are now proceeding for a trade treaty between the United States and Argentina, the first since 1853. In hemisphere politics Argentine influence must be reckoned, especially in the stand of such smaller River Plate nations as Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia, which are largely dominated by Argentine capital, and to complicate an already intricate picture, there is a long standing antagonism between Argentina and Brazil which forms an undercurrent to the mainstream of contradictory pressures and interests in the hemisphere.

UNTIL NOW Argentina has maintained neutrality toward the war. The influence of British investments paradoxically enough has not served to align Argentina automatically with the British side against Germany. For one thing, the influence of Germany was strong, especially behind the Vice-President and now acting President of the country, Ramon Castillo; for another thing, large sections of the people, while democratic in their sympathies, were opposed to participation in the war on either side; finally, a struggle was proceeding between British and American imperialism, and part of the price which the Americans demanded for support of Britain was the relaxation of the British hold on Argentine economy and the opening up of possibilities for American participation. For example, it has been seriously suggested that the British forfeit their control of the Argentine railways as a part payment for the "lend-lease aid" from the United States. The British have of course resisted the advance of American capital, and that has served to make Argentina hesitant about lining up with the USA in an active foreign policy.

Above all, the Argentine landowners, the cattle barons, and the industrialists are interested in establishing their own economic position and extracting the greatest concessions from both imperialist sides. They were waiting for some clearer indication of the ultimate outcome of the war before committing themselves to either. For it should be remembered that Argentina is a semi-colonial nation: its upper classes depend on the sale of their land produce; the rising middle classes look forward to the possibilities of industrializing the country without political subservience to the big imperialist powers.

But the struggle in foreign policy has reflected an acute struggle within the country on domestic issues. Argentina has been in a virtual political crisis for more than a year. The reactionary forces under the leadership of the Vice-President, Ramon Castillo, have attempted to take advantage of President Ortiz' illness to control the country in their own interests. The main opposition has centered around the Union Civica Radical, the UCR, a party representing the majority of the people, but which has not been in power since the overthrow of the great Radical, Irogoyen, ten years ago. It is the party of the majority of the Argentine people, of the progressive middle classes, opposed to domination of Argentina by land barons and foreign financiers.

Its history and its present leadership show a good deal of confusion, timidity, and worse. Its mass backing, nevertheless, is undisputed even by its enemies. The last Radical administration was overthrown in 1930 by a *coup d'etat* led by army officers and backed by the land barons. Since then, this element has kept control of Argentina through a system of political fraud rivaling that of Frank Hague of Jersey City. The landowners' party, the National Democrats, gained control of the governments of most Argentine provinces, and ran all subsequent elections to suit themselves. Augustin P. Justo, president from 1931 to 1937, found this system, aided by occasional terrorism against trade unions and working class parties, satisfactory without the imposition of a full dictatorship.

When his hand-picked candidate, Roberto M. Ortiz, leader of an ex-Radical faction which had allied itself with the National Democrats, succeeded him after a well-managed election, most Argentines expected a continuation of his policy. Ortiz, however, proved to be an honest man, of no broad political vision, but sincerely desirous of establishing political democracy in Argentina. In the spring of 1940, when the National Democrats "won" two unusually raw elections, several Radicals being killed and wounded in attempts to get to the polls, Ortiz used his power according to the Argentine constitution of declaring the elections void pending an investigation, and replaced the provincial authorities by "interventors" appointed by himself. Soon after, he appointed an interventor for Buenos Aires province, which had been ruled for some years by a notoriously pro-Nazi boss, Manuel Fresco.

THUS began a reversal in the political lineup. The people of Buenos Aires province hailed their release from Fresco's rule with enthusiastic demonstrations. Ortiz became the first popular president since Irigoyen. Cautiously the Radicals began to support him, the National Democrats to intrigue against him. In the summer of 1940 they found their opportunity when Ortiz, ill with diabetes, had temporarily to turn his duties over to the Vice-President, Ramon Castillo. The new acting president was a veteran reactionary,

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who was known in Argentina as "The Fox."

Castillo soon replaced Ortiz' Cabinet with his own men. Justo became his closest adviser. Some National Democratic leaders boasted that Ortiz would never be allowed to return to office. Both sides prepared for elections in the important provinces of Santa Fe and Mendoza, in December and January. The elections came; the National Democrats hardly bothered to deny that they had snatched the victory by force. Castillo refused to intervene.

Now the political struggle rose to a new plane. The Argentine people had used the period of freedom under Ortiz to increase the strength of the trade union movement. The Radicals had, in combination with the Socialists, won a majority in the lower house of Congress. The people were suffering from the growth in unemployment due to trade losses caused by the war. Argentina's constant problem of hungry people faced with unsalable surpluses of wheat, corn, beef, and wool had returned more threatening than ever. The cost of living was rising.

The Argentines knew that if they submitted to the electoral frauds they were resigning themselves to government by an oligarchy which was indifferent to their hunger, which would act only to protect its property and profits. They were ready to fight to save democratic gains of the past two years.

For a time the Radicals vacillated. There were rumors of a deal between Castillo and the Radical Party leadership, recognizing the recent elections in return for being guaranteed control of certain other provinces. Then came mass demonstrations demanding the return of Ortiz; the wavering Radical elements were pushed into a firmer stand, and the Radical majority in the lower house declared a parliamentary strike, refusing to pass any legislation, including the 1941 budget, until the fraudulent elections were cancelled.

Through the past January and February popular excitement mounted. It was rumored that Castillo was plotting a military coup. Demonstrations of 20,000 and more, composed of Radicals, Socialists, Communists, and trade unionists went almost nightly to Ortiz' house in Buenos Aires; again and again they were dispersed by police using clubs and tear gas. Ortiz himself made statements criticizing Castillo, and promising to return to office soon. The date of his return was prophesied week by week; the whole political life of Argentina seemed to center on Ortiz' diabetes and his failing eyesight. The Senate, controlled by National Democrats, appointed a commission to investigate his health; the lower house refused to recognize the commission or to accept its report.

BY MARCH, as Ortiz did nothing, and Castillo made no important moves, tension began to subside. The mass demand for Ortiz could not feed on air; when his statements became increasingly vague the demonstrations dwindled and ceased. It was rumored that the British and American governments, alarmed at the pro-Nazi complexion of some of Castillo's followers, had forced a secret compromise between him and Ortiz. Finally there came a more definite report: Ortiz would not return for several months, until after an operation.

The administration grew bolder. In May Castillo announced that owing to the Radical legislative strike, he would govern by decree. The Radical leadership, whose opposition had been passive, immediately surrendered and announced that they would cooperate with the government.

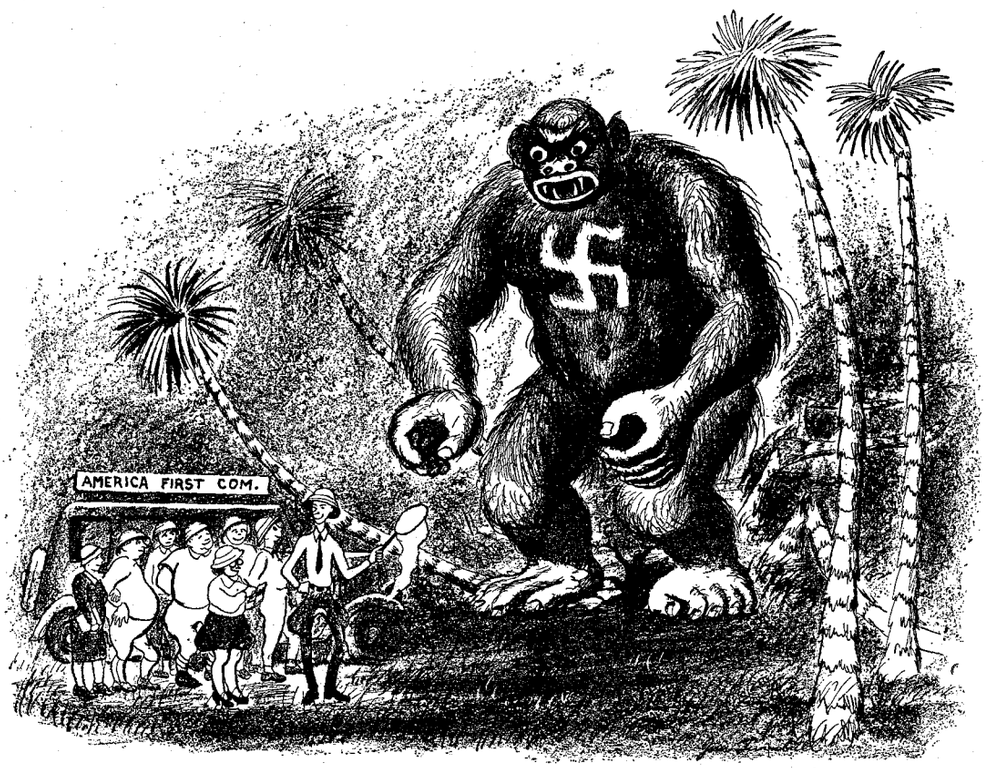
Meanwhile the Buenos Aires police—Argentina has a Red Squad notorious throughout Latin America for its brutality—started a campaign against the left. Besides Communists and left Socialists, a number of Buenos Aires trade union leaders were arrested. When the Argentine Youth Congress tried to meet, about eight weeks ago, its 800 delegates were jailed, and police even tried to intimidate their parents and guardians. All public meetings of progressive organizations were forbidden, including meetings of the committees for the relief of Spanish refugees. It was this same "Red Squad" that carried through the suppression of *La Hora* and the dispersal of the anti-Nazi demonstrations June 23.

The immediate future of Argentina is very uncertain. Ortiz seems entirely out of the picture for the present. The Castillo government has been thoroughly exposed as representing only a handful of landowners. The masses are hostile, and only the vacillations of the leaders of the opposition have kept the government in power. Activity is developing among the agricultural laborers and small farmers, especially the sugar cane growers of northern Argentina, which may give it serious trouble. On the other hand, the Argentine Socialist Party, which controls many of the trade unions and has considerable voting strength, is dominated by right-wing Social Democrats of the Leon Blum type. They have been in the past the most zealous Red-baiters and the most uncritical supporters of Great Britain in Argentina. Their influence has been thrown against any moves toward unity of the democratic forces. The Radicals are split among several factions; their convention a few weeks ago began with a chair-throwing fight and ended with an uneasy compromise between advocates of all-out aid to Britain and advocates of complete neutrality.

In the fight for internal democracy the foreign policies of various groups cut across each other. Ortiz is known to be a supporter of United States policy. Castillo, though some of his supporters are tied to British finance, has leaned backward to avoid offending the Nazis. The Argentine Communists have worked hard to keep the pro-democratic elements united in spite of their disagreements on the war; the present position of the USSR, by effectually refuting the "Communazi" accusations of the Socialists, should make their task easier in this respect. One can forecast that the National Democrats will show increasing sympathy for Nazism, in view of Hitler's attack, while better elements among the Radicals will back the Soviets. The Social-Democratic leaders will find it difficult to continue their slanders against the USSR and the Argentine Communists, especially in view of their own pro-British stand.

It is quite likely that Castillo will finally be forced to resort to dictatorship in order to keep power for his class. He will probably withdraw in favor of the ex-strong man Justo. If such an attempt is made, people in this country will do well to watch carefully whether the Roosevelt administration throws its support and sympathies toward the Argentine land barons or the Argentine people.

FRANK T. BAKER.



"He's really a very peaceful fellow." Jim Turnbull

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NEW MASSES

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Why They Fear Him

YOU can tell a man's quality by the enemies he makes. Earl Browder is not loved by those men who today, when our nation is desperately menaced by aggressive fascism from abroad and native fascism at home, sabotage the defense program, strike out against our civil liberties, plot to smash the trade unions, spread anti-Semitism and Negro discrimination. The spokesmen of these saboteurs—the Hoovers and Lindberghs, Fords and Wheelers—have ordained that Earl Browder shall remain in jail, because Earl Browder is the very symbol of the anti-fascist struggle; because he, more than any other single American, has led the fight against reaction and national defeat.

Mr. Roy Howard is one of those apologists anxious to "explain" Lindbergh to the American people, and by explaining to urge on us a sympathetic attitude to the clique who would cuddle up to Hitler. And now Mr. Howard, through his New York *World-Telegram,* is indignant at the growing list of labor organizations which, like the National Maritime Union, demand freedom for Earl Browder. Mr. Howard calls this "cheek." For Mr. Howard brands Earl Browder a "forger."

Men like Mr. Howard once called Tom Mooney a "bomb thrower" and Eugene Debs a "German spy." Yet the people forced the jailers of these great Americans to throw wide the prison doors; the people rescued Bill Haywood, Angelo Herndon, Ettor and Giovanitti, and others of their leaders. The people care for their own. Earl Browder, who can boast Roy Howard as an enemy, must be freed—and now. We need those whose fight against fascism is uncompromising and undying.

The Security of America

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S request to Congress to extend the service of the draftees and members of the National Guard must be considered in the light of the new international situation created by the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union. The involvement of the last remaining great neutral ends all possibility that the United States could pursue an effective policy of neutrality in collaboration with the USSR. On the contrary, for the first time the menace of Hitlerism now strikes directly at the security and independence of the United States, since a Nazi victory would encircle this country on both oceans and leave it to face alone a Hitler-dominated world. In view of this situation President Roosevelt is entirely right when he declares that "We Americans cannot afford to speculate with the security of America."

As the President points out, failure of Congress to act would mean the demobilization within two months of two-thirds of our army. It would be necessary to begin all over again with raw recruits who would again after a year's training be released. This procedure can be justified only if one denies that this country is menaced by Hitlerism or if one can present an alternative plan for effective national defense. The proposals of the appeasers, however, men like Senators Wheeler and Clark, Lindbergh and Hoover, would substitute collaboration with Hitler for the defense of our liberties. Their policy can no more safeguard our country than the Munich policy safeguarded France and Britain.

There are undoubtedly many Americans who, because of their disillusionment with the last war and their justified suspicion of the reactionary influences that have been strong in Washington, hesitate to support the extension of the selectees' service period. The majority of Americans, however, favor aid to the Soviet Union and Britain for the defeat of Nazism. The Roosevelt administration will do well to take the people into its confidence and help all of them understand that our country's peril is truly grave and that the extension of service is part of a policy of collaboration with all nations fighting the Hitler threat. This argument will be most persuasive if it is combined with measures to democratize the armed forces and the entire defense program and to protect the people's living standards.

Defense and Production

THE entire defense program depends on the ability to increase levels of production. In past months a lot has been said about "shortages"; a little investigation proves these lacks to be the result not of any inability to produce or of any deficiency in raw materials. For example, Secretary Ickes pointed out that the so-called aluminum famine can be laid directly at the door of the Mellon monopoly: the trust refuses to develop the vast bauxite deposits in Arkansas. The CIO, speaking through President Murray, endorses the plan of the Aluminum Workers of America, already handed to President Roosevelt, which describes specifically how the opening up of the Arkansas mines could increase available aluminum by the staggering amount of 1,000,000,000 pounds a year.

Likewise, the dire warnings of a gasoline shortage on the eastern seaboard are caused by monopoly greed for profits rather than by an inability to provide fully for America's domestic needs and still have plenty of oil fully to care for defense requirements. Oil production can be boosted without difficulty: but the Standard Oil Co. has blocked all attempts to build new pipe lines to transport the plentiful oil on hand to the great consuming areas. Similarly the price of lumber rises, dislocating the costs of defense and causing unnecessary hardship to small business and to consumers. Actually, there is no excuse for these abrupt price changes, since at least 12,000,000 board feet over and above present demands are on hand, and there is ample mill space available.

Thus "bottlenecks" are artificially created by monopoly. The CIO plan, offered by President Murray, puts a finger on causes—the domination of defense production by monopoly, the search for profits in contradistinction to higher output. The CIO proposes that defense be made the joint responsibility of industry and labor, with labor's full participation in Industry Councils. Sidney Hillman, OPM associate, for his part attempts to compromise this demand by setting up "advisory" boards on which his own appointees from labor sit in with the big business spokesmen, and see their views ignored or casually dismissed. The CIO wants responsibility—with the ability to get things done—in the government's program of building America's defense security.

And Now Tom Girdler

IT WAS Tom Girdler who swore by all that was righteous that "he would go back to the farm and dig potatoes before he would sign with the CIO." He was generalissimo of Little Steel's resistance to the union in 1937. In the ugly battle he directed, eighteen American workers were killed. Ten of them died with bullets in their backs or with crushed skulls outside Girdler's plant on Memorial Day four years ago.

Now this boastful, savage man has agreed to sign a union agreement with the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. The old fortress of Little Steel, the stronghold of the Liberty League and the back-to-work vigilante movement, the open shop front-line, has been shattered. The CIO has forced the enemy to terms. Determined, never-ceasing struggle, the refusal ever to capitulate, ever to relinquish the fight—these qualities have brought victory. The remaining Little Steel companies have been forced to negotiate with the CIO. Organized labor has shown what militant unity can accomplish. In four years Big Steel, automobile, rubber, Ford—and now Little Steel—have been unionized. The "impossible" has been accomplished. There is obviously nothing "impossible" when the organized working class decides to move forward toward greater security.

Political Commissars

THE decree reestablishing political commissars in the Soviet armed forces, with full responsibility for military operations, is above all a sign that the Soviet people are taking their mortal struggle with the utmost seriousness. Even those of us who think we realize what the Soviet people are going through cannot possibly, without firsthand experience, imagine what it means to face the warfare of tanks, the Stuka bombers hurtling down on infantry columns, the continual artillery bombardments, the hardships of fighting. It is an enormous, unheard-of strain on every

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mental and physical capacity. Final victory goes only to those who have moral stamina as well as physical preparedness on their side.

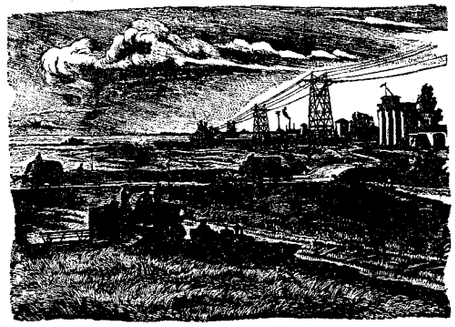
While we do not have comprehensive information, several reasons for reinstituting the system of political commissars suggest themselves. First, millions of Soviet reserves are now involved in battle, men who have not previously had practical military experience. For these troops, political education and guidance is equally important with military leadership. Second, the war has become a people's war waged in some areas in guerrilla fashion by millions of citizens who are not members of the regular armed forces. For them, political leadership is decisive. Third, large sections of the army, as in the Bialystok region or in northern Estonia, seem to have been left behind to harass the enemy lines. The ordinary techniques of military leadership would not be sufficient to solve their problems. And finally, the war presents the opportunity and the need for propagandizing the German soldiers under fascist leadership, winning them to the Soviet side. This also demands political training such as ordinary armies would not require.

Likewise Stalin's assumption of the defense commissariat and the unification of the commissariats for home affairs and national security under Lavrenti Beria give us a glimpse of the titanic mobilization which is proceeding in all phases of Soviet life. By personally assuming the defense post, Stalin makes it possible for Marshal Timoshenko to devote his full energies to the central front. At the same time the prestige attached to Stalin's name, and the memories of his achievements in the Civil War, inspire confidence in the humblest Soviet citizen. The USSR faces problems such as no nation has ever faced. Its Bolshevik leadership demonstrates once again one of its most salient characteristics: the ability to adapt itself quickly to changing conditions.

Japan Faces All Ways

THE collapse and reorganization of the Japanese Cabinet is another sign of the extreme weakness and dilemma of Japan's position. As our article ("Indecision in the Far East," July 15 issue) pointed out, Japan is no longer capable of a sustained initiative in world affairs and must adapt itself to situations created by stronger powers.

If one examines the new Cabinet closely, it is clear that Tokyo has merely dropped its foreign minister, Yosuke Matsuoka. The key officers in the former Cabinet have been retained. The foreign ministry goes to Admiral Toyada, who is relatively unknown. But as an admiral, he can be expected to favor a policy of southward expansion when feasible. Prince Konoye, the Mikado's white-haired boy, heads the ministries for the third consecutive time. And it is of some importance that Baron Hiranuma takes on additional duties. The baron is a leading Japanese statesman, a former premier. He was brought into the Cabinet last December and represents conservative business and nationalist circles. He



is one of the main props of the reorganization of Japan's social structure along fascist lines which has been proceeding since last summer. The dropping of Matsuoka is really a face-saving device. He was identified with an active, pro-Axis policy, and when the turn of events made it impossible for Japan to implement her pledges to Germany under the tripartite alliance, Matsuoka's departure paved the way for continued neutrality.

Japan is clearly unprepared for an immediate action either against Siberia or toward the south Pacific. An attack on Siberia would be an act of desperation, since the Soviet Far Eastern forces have at least fifty-two divisions to Japan's eleven. Moreover, a Japanese attack would in all probability align the USSR and China in a fighting alliance, with disastrous consequences for Japan's armies still in China. On top of that, American reactions would be very sharp, since it is the traditional American policy to prevent a Japanese entrenchment on the Asiatic mainland, especially northward toward Alaska. Such action cannot be ruled out entirely, but it seems unlikely.

On the other hand, the south Pacific, the rest of Indo-China and Malaya offer Japan considerable loot. The difficulties here are equally profound, and Japan must try to choose some moment when the United States fleet cannot actively intervene on Britain's behalf. That is the job of the new Cabinet: to find a suitable moment for continued imperialist expansion—but it does not necessarily mean that such action is imminent.

At least the following is clear: first, that the process of fascization at home, under the careful guidance of official circles, will be accelerated, with the consequent sufferings for the Japanese masses; second, Japan acknowledges by dropping Matsuoka that Hitler finds himself in difficulties on the Soviet western border, with no rapid Nazi victory in sight; third, it means that Japan will continue passive cooperation with the Axis, awaiting the most favorable time for further expansion.

Comfort to Hitler

ONE would not ordinarily expect the *Nation* to give comfort to Hitler. Yet the article by Louis Fischer, "Litvinov Answers Stalin," in its July 19 issue is a shocking example of propaganda that helps the Nazis. This piece is obscene in its malice, its wilful distortion of fact. Borrowing the technique of Goebbels, Fischer tries to make the reader believe that Litvinov in his recent broadcast to Britain and America "condemned the Soviet-Nazi pact." This is a crude lie, as may be seen even from Fischer's own quotations. From beginning to end his article is a hymn of hate for the Soviet regime. At a time when many people are beginning to realize how shamefully they were duped by the tales about a Soviet-Nazi alliance Fischer continues to speak of the non-aggression pact as "a self-defeating piece of appeasement." The "little Finland" fake lies in ruins, but Fischer brazenly insists that the USSR is "weaker" today because of its action against Finland and the affiliation of the Baltic states and Bessarabia to the great federation of Soviet peoples. And he closes by looking forward to "A different and better Russia" rising "from the ashes of the Stalin line." To which Hitler would say amen.

One of Fischer's chief characteristics is his surly arrogance and conceit. This man, who loved to think of himself as the unofficial premier of loyalist Spain, has never forgiven the Soviets for taking his measure—for reducing the sawdust statesman to his true proportions as a careerist journalist and gossip-monger. Since then he has found it profitable to compete with Jan Valtin, Eugene Lyons, and similar wielders of the journalistic blackjack. But Fischer's articles in the *Nation* since the Soviet-German non-aggression pact reveal the hollowness of his pretense to being an authority on the USSR or anything else. Only a little over a month before the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union, in the May 17 issue of the *Nation,* he began an article with the statement: "Molotov has been purged." To attack Stalin he even dredged up anti-Semitic gossip he had heard from his former Trotskyite and Bukharinite friends—Hitler's fifth column—whom the Soviet government cleaned out several years ago. In this article he also assured his readers that "no matter what campaigns the Reichswehr launches—unless it crosses the Channel to seize the British Isles—it will have sufficient reserve strength to command Stalin's obedience." And in the February 8 issue of the *Nation* Fischer came to Hitler's aid by denouncing the lifting of the US government's "moral embargo" against the Soviet Union.

The counterpart of Fischer's hatred of the USSR was his infatuation with the appeasers, Chamberlain and Daladier. "I find that the Allies' conduct of the war thus far," he wrote in the *Nation* of Sept. 23, 1939, "has had the touch of genius. Dilettantes expected France to attack violently in the west, but the French general staff exercised a restraint unusual to the military mind." In this and in other articles he sang the praises of the fifth-column government and high command that later betrayed France to Hitler.

Louis Fischer is of small importance and his falsehoods wither under the breath of history. What is important is unity for the defeat of Hitlerism. The *Nation* has declared its support of aid for both the Soviet Union and Britain. To publish articles like Fischer's only serves to obstruct and weaken the common effort for that objective.

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WHY THEY JAILED NEXO

The aged author of "Pelle the Conqueror" is the latest victim of the Gestapo. . . . Samuel Sillen discusses some recent phenomena of the literary world.

MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXO has been jailed! A news dispatch from Stockholm reports that he was imprisoned in one of the recent mass arrests by the Nazis in Denmark. Only a few words. No details. And perhaps none is necessary.

For the story is easy to construct. It was inevitable that the Gestapo would try to shut out the voice of Nexo. No living writer is a more glorious symbol of that humanistic culture upon whose destruction fascism is bent. Nexo, the brilliant author of *Pelle the Conqueror,* the staunch friend of the Soviet Union, the eternally young champion of the people everywhere—Nexo must be thrown in a tomb, like Thaelmann; he must be tortured, like Ossietzky; he must be liquidated from German consciousness, like Friedrich Wolf. The order goes out. Get Nexo. Drag the old man through the streets. Line him up with the Jewish chemist, the unyielding student, the trade unionist who forgot the names of his comrades. Down, down, down . . . we must forget, the world must forget.

And in the dungeon. Nexo himself has described it. When I read of his arrest, I remembered the article he had written for NEW MASSES over two years ago in which he described Nazi Germany as a vast concentration camp into which unwilling men and women had been herded. The fascist rulers of Germany, he wrote, think themselves capable of continued existence only when the *human* part of the German people, its heart and soul, is trampled out with hobnailed boots. The human part and the hobnailed boots: the antithesis is complete. Down below, said Nexo, in Dachau and the other prisons, down below in the dark the good of the people is extracted with red-hot tongs. Dachau is the hell of hells. Formerly the beautiful picnic grounds of the people of Munich, now the torture grounds where brilliant fighters for peace, liberty, social progress, men who would be the envy of another nation, are strangled.

"But the spiritual forces are so rich and unconquerable," wrote Nexo, "that even the instruments of torture are producing green sprouts!" And no one can doubt, even fleetingly, that Nexo in jail will burn with the same passionate truth as Nexo free. He knows that the Soviet Union, in which he has placed the highest hopes of humanity, will never cease until all the Dachaus of Germany are open and their prisoners can breathe in the sunlight. He knows that the plain people of all lands, whose unremitting struggle against injustice he celebrated in his proletarian epic, will be all the more determined to smash Hitlerism when they will have learned of his arrest.

"Nobody," Nexo once told the readers of this magazine, "nobody has the right to rid himself of the thought of what is awaiting humanity if this bastard offspring of the sergeant spirit . . . is permitted to subjugate the world." Nobody.

IN FRANCO SPAIN special "purge commissions" *(Juntas de Depuracion)* have been set up in all schools to ascertain the "reliability" of teachers. A questionnaire is submitted to all teachers and professors who wish to occupy a vacancy or retain a post. Here are some of the questions:

> Did you go from the Franco zone to the Red zone? Who of your friends did it?
>
> Name prominent left wingers whom you know or with whom you were connected.
>
> Relate everything you know about the behavior of your friends during the revolutionary period.

And these are the results. In the Leon Province 600 teachers, or more than fifty percent of the entire teaching personnel of the province, were dismissed in one summer. The Franco press admits that in the 1939-40 school year seventy-five percent of the Madrid schools did not reopen because 1,500 out of 2,000 teachers could not resume teaching due to "circumstances beyond their control."

Students too have been given the Gideonse treatment. One day the Madrid papers carried a "notice about a purge." This is the full text:

> The students of the Agricultural Engineering School are now undergoing a purge. The purge applies to new applicants as well. All persons who can report something about the social and political past of the students involved should come before the commission. Passing the purge is a necessary requisite for enrollment of students and permission to take the forthcoming examinations.

The hero of Franco's literati is Gen. Millan Astray. According to the Spanish press the general received an ovation when he addressed an "Association of Writers and Artists" in Madrid. It was this one-eyed and one-handed general who made a classic reply to the lecture delivered by Miguel Unamuno at Salamanca University in November 1936. Millan Astray shouted "Death to the intellectuals!" He was responsible, later, for the tragic death of Unamuno. And Coudert says, "It is going to require brutal treatment to handle these teachers. . . . We cannot live with them nor they with us."

"Name prominent left wingers. . . ." The same words. The same purpose. The same results, if the people do not act against our local inquisitors.

And alive in our hearts the memory of that great battalion composed of teachers and students which fought so heroically for the republic at the Madrid front. And cherished, honored by all of us, the courageous purpose of the New York teachers who carry on the fight against fascism.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE "are bound with strong ties of historic friendship to the Russian people." These words were addressed by President Roosevelt in reply to the July 4 greeting sent by Mikhail L. Kalinin, president of the Supreme Soviet. They are good words, because they remind us of a fact which is too often obscured by our historians. There is a mine of untouched material here for the enterprising student.

Particularly, perhaps, for the literary student. I reread the other day greetings sent across the ocean by the Soviet novelist Leonid Leonov on the opening of the World's Fair. "For the advanced European," said Leonov, "for the Soviet intellectual, the United States is not a distant trans-oceanic country. Genuine culture destroys both time and space. The talented American people have produced many great writers, artists and actors whose work has become the heritage of cultured people the world over. . . . The events of the last few years have given us an opportunity of realizing what an impetus would be given to human progress by the joint forces of the American and Soviet peoples, united in the struggle for the highest ideals of mankind."

This sense of kinship is certainly not a new one, even though there are now infinitely

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greater possibilities of strengthening it. I recall, for example, that an impassioned appeal on behalf of the Russian people, struggling against a tyrannous czar, formed a large part of the famous Phi Beta Kappa address delivered at Harvard by Wendell Phillips in his late years. The speech linked the fight against czarist oppression with the American fight against slavery. Phillips, to be sure, shocked some of his more conservative auditors on the platform, and one may read their indignation in correspondence and journals which survive. But Phillips was expressing a deep conviction which most Americans shared and which other writers and orators voiced. And in the same way, it is interesting to note that all progressive Russians followed the struggle against slavery in this country with close and sympathetic attention. The great Russian scholar, philosopher, and writer, Chernyshevsky, wrote that "the day that brought victory to the party whose candidate was Lincoln was a great day —the beginning of a new era in the history of the United States—a day which marked a turning point in the history of the great North American people." Lenin constantly praised the American tradition of national liberation. And Stalin has spoken of American practical qualities, the "indomitable spirit that neither knows nor will be deterred by any obstacle, that plugs away with businesslike perseverance until every impediment has been removed, that simply must go through with a job once it has been tackled even if it be of minor importance and without which serious constructive work is out of the question."

"Many generations in our country," wrote the Soviet novelist Fyodor Gladkov, author of *Cement,* "have been reared on the joyous books of Mark Twain. He is one of the writers best loved by our young people." And Gladkov went on to cite *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Leaves of Grass,* and the works of Jack London as books which have had great significance in the struggle of the Russian people against czarist autocracy. And how many American writers have been influenced by the works of the Russians! Turgeniev, Pushkin, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Gorky, and others. One of the things I remember most vividly in a recent talk with Carl Sandburg was his great knowledge of and fondness for Chekhov, who, as he said, had left an indelible picture in his mind of the poverty and suffering of pre-Revolutionary Russia.

A mine of material. I hope that a great deal of attention will be paid to it in the days to come.

RECOGNIZING that the future of the United States is inseparably linked with the fate of the Soviet Union, millions of Americans are earnestly seeking exact information about the one-sixth of the world whose new way of life has so largely been treated in terms of prejudice and distrust. These millions will welcome the announcement that *The Soviet Power* by the Dean of Canterbury is being released soon by International Publishers in a five-cent edition. For this book is an objective, comprehensive, and highly readable analysis by an English clergyman who has for some time appreciated the fact that the Soviet Union is a staunch and necessary ally in any genuine fight to rid the world of fascism.

The publication of a full-length book for five cents is itself news of major interest. That this book should be *The Soviet Power,* and that its time of appearance should coincide with this most critical moment in our history, is news which overshadows any publishing event in a long time. The circulation of this five-cent edition in the millions will at once insure the success of this daring publishing innovation and help effect that understanding and friendship of the American and Soviet peoples which is so essential to the welfare of mankind.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Picture and Prose

SAY, IS THIS THE USA, *by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.75.*

CALDWELL'S typewriter and Bourke-White's camera have again combined to produce a book—America in eighty-six photographs and 30,000 words of text. Of course it's only a part of America. The authors traveled 10,000 miles, which isn't more than a slice of the USA, and no one book could pretend to cover the country. What we have here is an album of impressions, vivid, informal, and sometimes pleasantly rambling. It may remind you a little of any returned traveler exhibiting his snapshots with accompanying description. But there are vast differences. One is that ordinary travelers are more likely to snap a view of the Grand Canyon than a wheat farmer's face or Negro children in a Mississippi school. And while they might go for the "picturesque" Hutterian colony of Byron Lake, S. Dak., they wouldn't have any shots to show you of a caboose interior with the serious-faced conductor working amid his art collection of magazine-cover nudes. Ordinary travelers do not ride in cabooses. The team of Caldwell and Bourke-White did—as well as in buses, planes, automobiles, passenger trains, and even buggies. Their collection of Americana begins in Kansas and covers high spots of the Far West, the South, and the East. And if it doesn't add up to a "grand tour," it will show you much of an America you've never seen and a great deal more under the surface of things you do know.

There is a good deal of Main Street, and the territory around it. There are the folk of Pretty Prairie, Kan., the wheatlands, tractors, livestock, high school girls who win prizes for canning and milking, a dreary little Southern "depot," a handcraftsman of Vermont, a Texas horse trader. . . . Aside from the captions, Erskine Caldwell's text supplements rather than accompanies the photographs. This is a little surprising but all to the good, since Mr. Caldwell's text is itself a series of photo-

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graphs, doubling the amount of imagery in the book. His reporting is clear and terse, livened with plenty of dialogue and some delightful anecdotes. Caldwell does not editorialize, but he does make you see and think. The quality of reporting which distinguishes his current dispatches from Moscow to the New York *PM* is here too, although more casually expressed. It is a deft, intimate yet rather offhand manner of description which leads the reader to a conclusion without in the least obtruding it upon him.

The author is at his best, in both style and content, when it comes to his own South. There is, for example, his interview with the Negro boy in Jacksonville, Fla., who lives underground making coffins and comes up only at night, because he once spent three years on a Georgia chain gang for owing a man $11, and afterward had vowed to "let the daylight burn itself out before I ran myself the risk of getting in another jam like that one." Following this is the story of a rich playboy in South Carolina who holds up filling stations for the excitement of it.

Knowing next to nothing about photography, I can't explain how Miss Bourke-White gets her effects: the extraordinary clarity of detail, the three-dimensional impression, the expressive quality of faces so alive that you expect the lips to move, the eyelids to flicker. Only one or two scenes seem even slightly posed. As in their other distinguished collaborations, *You Have Seen Their Faces* and *North of the Danube,* Mr. Caldwell and Miss Bourke-White view their subject from the most absorbing human angle. The result is a picture of America in terms of its people—relatively few of its people, perhaps, but people you will not forget.

BARBARA GILES.

Brief Review

ORPHANS OF THE PACIFIC: *The Philippines, by Florence Horn. Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York. $3.50.*

A new exponent of the big stick in US foreign affairs has written a book attacking the Filipino people. Miss Horn presents the Filipinos as a "lazy" and "servile" lot who do not know how to govern themselves and never will. Her solution: the United States should "sweep away all that nonsense about the Philippines for the Filipinos" and remove restrictive land legislation, permitting Firestone and other empire builders to impoverish the country further. In support of these ideas Miss Horn has also twisted the history, customs, and traditions of Christian, Mohammedan, and pagan Filipinos to make the people seem not far removed from savagery. Truthful books about the Philippines cannot be expected from writers who view the Islands as an imperialist prize. To the fearless young intellectuals of the Philippines falls the task of expressing their vision, feeling, and firsthand understanding in books that will do justice to the Filipino people.

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HITLER CALLS IT ART

Louis Lozowick reports on the "Weltanschauung" of Nazi art. The verisimilitude of the Wax Works. The theories of Willrich, Schultze-Naumberg, Rosenberg.

AT THE well advertised exhibition of Nazi art held in the newly erected *Haus Der Deutschen Kunst* and opened by Hitler himself (another exhibition of "degenerate art" was held nearby as a horrible example, by contrast), a certain picture by Lanzinger attracted attention and received the highest plaudits possible by being purchased for the fuehrer's own collection. By a peculiar coincidence the painting represented the fuehrer as a knight in shining armor. It showed handsome Adolph encased in a brand new coat of medieval armor, astride a prancing Rosinante and with his strong right arm unfurling the swastika banner to the Wagnerian storm.

This "masterpiece" brings us right into the very heart of Nazi art—its mission and meaning, its style, its overt theme, and implicit content. The picture represents the "heroic," one of the indispensable elements in the *Weltanschauung* of Nazi art and life. It represents the "leadership principle," the glorification of the military life. It represents the "racial purity" supposed to be evident in the features and character. And last but not least, it shows us graphically (though that was not the intention of the artist) the Great Lie which the Nazis try to foist on the German people and the world as the Great Truth by stuffing it, dressing it up, and painting it with the verisimilitude of the figures from the Wax Works.

At the base of the Nazi theories in art, as in politics, is the conception of race purity, of the unsullied blood stream. Willrich, Schultze-Naumberg, Rosenberg, et al., with Hitler leading the pack, seek to show the importance of race consciousness for the endowment of the artists as well as the content of art.

Here is a greatly abridged paraphrasing of Willrich's Nazi art conception taken from his *Cleansing of the Temple of Art:*

> Race consciousness seeks folk health; racial purity consequently excludes the mixture with Jewish, Negro, and other inferior blood. Art can show this ideal in imagery better than mere words. Race consciousness stresses the right choice of mate, not on the basis of religious identity or the sanction of parents but on purity of blood. It is an exalted ideal for the artist to picture these relations. Race consciousness requires that a healthy German race be bolstered by the new creation of a German nobility which would lead the people forward by force of example. Race consciousness and the peasantry. . . . Race consciousness and large families. . . . Race consciousness and freedom. . . . Race consciousness and God. . . .

And so for pages and pages. All this as an ideal for art—to preach racial purity, the nobility of the Nordic blood, to make visible the "heroic" aspirations of the German folk, etc. Or as Hitler puts it: "We gave art new great aims."

So much for one side of the swastika. Any one who has listened to speeches by Hitler will remember that before or after taking steps of aggression he invariably states or, more correctly, raves about his grievances against the "plutocratic democracies" or the Marxist "menace" or the "Jewish plot," etc., and that precisely is the technique employed by Nazi writers on art.

The very first sentence of Hitler's speech at the opening of the *Haus Der Deutschen Kunst* was: "The collapse of Germany was not alone political or industrial but perhaps even in greater measure cultural as well." And he is off on his old tack.

WILLRICH names literally dozens of pre-Nazi artists, dealers, critics, museum directors, quotes from scores of manifestos, articles, books, in order to ferret out the Marxist, Jewish, Bolshevistic, liberal plot to corrupt German blood and soil—and art for good measure.

Here in a few words is a synthetic picture that emerges from the numerous attacks on the liberal age which the Nazis variously label as Bolshevistic, plutocratic, pacifist, international, Jewish, Marxist, democratic. They use the terms interchangeably, often for no more logical reason than avoiding repetition. I shall use them the same way.

It seems that in that dreadful liberal age the Jews tried to corrupt Germany by a joint attack carried out on the one hand by Jewish capitalists or plutocrats, and on the other hand by Jewish Bolshevists or democrats. Take your choice.

George Grosz

Before the era of liberalism Jews had no relation to or influence on art. Suddenly they are granted emancipation and civil rights. Now, everyone is German merely by virtue of citizenship, consequently also the Jew. Such was the result of the "crazy dogma—all men are equal" (Willrich). The Weimar Republic which brought this tendency to a head ruined Germany's capacity for defense and was responsible for the destruction of the community interest by sanctioning the class struggle.

THE ART nurtured in such a system sought out for treatment everything ugly and mean. Instead of raising the people to higher levels, this art dragged it into the gutter; instead of representing the noble, it preferred the reverse. The real German artist was persecuted. And the people? The people were outside of art. The rich bought what the Jew advised them to buy. Museum directors, state officials followed along. The aim of the whole business was to sharpen the weapon against the soul of the German people. And the people paid for it by hundreds of thousands of hard-earned marks.

Against anyone who still had a glimmering of doubt—to summarize Hitler's description of the process—the surest means was to emphasize that the art work in question was too difficult to understand, and then to raise the price. For a rich man to admit that he was ignorant or could not afford the price was to admit inferiority. You could brag to your neighbors or business associates about the sum paid, and you had the satisfaction of knowing that your neighbor would understand the masterpiece even less than you did. But in any case you must never show any sign of ignorance. On the other hand, just because the thing seems so difficult to understand, what an intellect you must have to understand it. Yes, the Jews got you coming and going.

Versailles made the Germans "a people without space or defense." The Jews tried to make the Germans also "a people without art."

The attack on the art of the liberal age was in two main directions; against social art, and against post-impressionism. We hear a good deal more about the Nazi attack on all schools of post-impressionism than on social art. But the attack on social art was not less, in fact far more, vicious. The Nazis attacked social art because it showed what they did not like to see, because it spoke out loud and clear against militarism, exploitation, poverty. The Nazis attacked post-impressionism because it did *not* show what they would like to see in art, because it was aloof and contained. Schultze-Naumberg summarizes his attack on

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both tendencies in this manner: "Where can we find a world which corresponds to contemporary pictures? In houses for the mentally unbalanced . . . in asylums for lepers . . . at the lowest depths of human misery . . . in slums among the dregs of society. . . ."

To make his meaning more emphatic, the fuehrer declared it as his "unalterable resolve" to see that such art "will never find its way to the people" and that those who persist in their folly would be *beseitigt,* liquidated.

Even before the Reichstag fire and the burning of books, the Nazis launched their attack on social art, as the following examples will show. At one of the great Berlin art shows (Grosse Berliner, 1932) at which all schools used to be represented, there were a number of pictures against imperialist war. This was nothing new, and could in fact have been observed every year where such pictures hung along with academic still life and Dada experiments. But now the Nazis were becoming a power and so Goebbels' *Angriff* lashed out against the entire exhibition as a Communist show, as an "artistic cell of Moscow placed there for catching simple souls into the Soviet net." If you know the history of the Weimar Republic, you will not be surprised to learn that the liberal government immediately took the hint and removed the offending pictures from the show. Shortly thereafter the Association of Revolutionary Artists had an exhibition more frankly radical. Once more the Nazis attacked and once more the liberal government obliged. The "Association" was disbanded. And this was the same liberal government which was accused by the Nazis of coddling Bolsheviks and was reviled by them without measure or restraint. One more example of how appeasement works—and does not.

Thus when the Nazis actually took power, with some artists in exile, some in concentration camps, and still others silenced, there was hardly any social art to fight. The Nazis then took to tackling the post-impressionists. They employed the argument, by now familiar, which consisted mostly of epithets, such as schizophrenic, Jewish, Negroid, etc., all tending to defile and corrupt the pure Nordic, Germanic, Aryan soul. Perhaps the sentence of utter finality was delivered, as was to be expected, by Hitler himself with the following logic: If the work of the modern artists is a true expression of their inner experience, they represent a danger for the health of the German people and should be placed under the observation of physicians. If, on the other hand, their work is fraud and speculation then they should be brought to court for embezzlement and placed in appropriate penal institutions.

At last the temple of art was cleansed. The Nazis had gotten rid of, abolished, destroyed the art they did not like just as they had destroyed the labor unions, civil liberties, and all the social gains of the republic. And they were at their favorite game of creating *ersatz.* To quote the final authority in everything: ". . . as I believe in the eternity of this Reich . . . so also do I believe and work for an eternal German art."

Let us look at some of the results. They can be easily classified into categories. In the first place there are the military themes. Here is one of Eber's pictures, "The Call of February 23, 1933." Two Nazis are hurriedly dressing to answer the fuehrer's call for the Nazi uprising—erect, resolute, and dressed more for a parade than a battle. Glamour, I think, is the word for it. You will find in none of these many military "heroic" pictures anything of the maimed and torn victims that you find in the pictures of Dix. No, Dix's pictures are infinitely truer than this *ersatz,* and for that very reason were placed by the Nazis in the exhibit of "degenerate art," by way of example of what is "Jewish." Dix is not a Jew, but that is nothing to disturb a Nazi.

The next most popular category is the peasantry. The following are a number of titles:

"The Peasant at Prayer" by Hoeck; "The Peasant Women" by Eichhorst; "Peasant" by Tiebert; "Peasant at Meal" by Baumgartner; "Young Peasant Women" by Wissel.

Nice, clean, washed, and combed, with no grime of labor anywhere about them, with no sign that these people earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, or in fact that they have to sweat blood to earn it.

Then, of course, there are portraits of young girls and women, such for example as "Moni" by Haider, "Herta" by Zeigler.

Not with any of your fancy hair-do or lipstick—God forbid—but always with generous proportions of bosom and pelvic region, showing that they can breed and feed swarms of babies and serve as the guardian of the family tree. The last, by the way, is the title of a picture by Willrich. It shows an attractive young pregnant blonde, her hands folded ever so lightly over her abdomen, which bulges just a wee bit to show what is meant, but not enough to make it unattractive. Nazi pictures must show only the beautiful side of life.

Then there are the pictures of the young, generally in uniforms belonging to various goose-stepping organizations; Nazi heroes, etc., etc. All the pictures have a family resemblance as if one stolid, prolific Nazi mother bore them. Every canvas is vacuum cleaned, each object is painted with a cringing, inch by inch pseudo naturalism, as if the artist were trying desperately to convince you that what he is telling you is the very truth, whereat it is nothing but wish fulfillment.

I could go on endlessly, but what does it all add up to? It adds up to a system of permanent militarization, subordination of women to the triple virtues of *Kinder, Kirche, Kuche,* the total regimentation of youth, unity between exploiter and exploited. Nazi art is mask and costume over a face ugly and cruel, and a body vengeful, fearsome, but not invincible. The Nazis apparently believe or want others to believe, that by ignoring their presence they can get rid of all the accumulated underlying social contradictions and conflicts

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which sooner or later are bound to explode.

Does this mean anything to us? I think so. I think it spells a grave warning. I visited Germany in 1924 and again in 1927. Every once in a while I would pick up some Nazi literature and shrug my shoulders at its crudity and vulgarity. I would gather with my friends at the Bohemian "Romanisches Kafe" and we would all have a good laugh over it. To me the whole stupid anti-Semitic, anti-socialist, anti-liberal trash was familiar through my acquaintance with the same kind of "literature" of Russian czarist days, which often used the same arguments, sometimes even the same wording and often the same illustrations. We used to sit in the cafe, lost in a haze of smoke (ah! those good old days!) and while sipping peacefully our beer, or coffee, or *aperitif*, we would laugh at Nazi propaganda and say, "But, of course, after all Germany is not czarist Russia." As we now know, Germany turned out to be worse than czarist Russia.

And now, they tell me that America is not Germany, it can't happen here. Well, I wonder why they should be telling this to me now. I only know what I read in the papers, and if that doesn't enlighten me enough, I am beginning to see a special literature which resembles and is at times identical with the Nazi brand, as the latter resembled and was similarly identical with the czarist brand. Even in the field of art, which after all is a surface manifestation of forces at work in the depth of our society, we are beginning to see more and more often attacks on the foreigner, on the artist who chooses the unpleasant aspects of American life; and more and more frequently the note of racialism is sounded. At a symposium held by the American Artists Congress last year, a closeness to Nazi ideology was shown to exist in the work of a number of American critics.

Hitler has a set pattern of ideas that are contagious. He did not distribute his medals to certain Americans for their beautiful eyes alone. And how many more who did not receive their medals, but who deserve them. Just give them half a chance. The example of fascist countries shows us what this would mean in society and art. I do not think I need to tell you what our choice must be.

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curate scenes of concentration camp horrors, but they have all, to a film, omitted two basically important factors: (1) What *is* fascism? (2) How can it be defeated? *Professor Mamlock* omits neither.

From the moment the picture begins to unreel, you understand in terms of human character the meaning and the significance of fascism, its origin and its ultimate objectives. You understand the role that is played by anti-Semitism. And you understand the nature of the people's opposition and how they set that opposition in movement in their underground, and what forces, most importantly, form the backbone—the incorruptible and infinitely courageous backbone—of that movement. The underground becomes a living organized affair, not the concern of a few courageous individuals.

In the title role there is a performance by S. Mezhinsky such as the Soviets achieve so frequently in their pictures. Mamlock is a Jewish surgeon of international repute, who has no concern with "politics" until the axe strikes home in the personnel of his hospital, his colleagues, and his son, Rolf. After his attempted suicide he begins to learn; he reads the speeches of Dimitrov at the Reichstag Fire Trial; he learns at first hand from the activities of his son and his companions. Therefore the scene portraying his death before a Nazi firing squad, in the midst of a magnificent speech he is making from the balcony of his hospital room, is both understandable and inspiring. He is one of the millions all over the world who are willing to die to set men free.

Honest thinking and the understanding of human character are invariably the basic ingredients of the Soviet moving picture. No one can see *Mamlock,* any more than he could see the new *Soviet Frontiers on the Danube,* the Lenin pictures, *Kronstadt,* or *Baltic Deputy,* without knowing in his very bones that a culture that can produce such pictures is pretty close to what men have been striving for through the centuries.

"TOM, DICK, AND HARRY," the new Ginger Rogers picture at the Music Hall, is excellent hot-weather entertainment. It is a soap bubble of the purest Ivory, but it abounds in excellent comedy lines and performances and no serious person would maintain that it was wrong to pay out money to get a good laugh.

There is nothing resembling a plot. Miss Rogers is a telephone girl (long distance). She yearns for romance with a capital letter, and she has three beaux named—*Tom, Dick, and Harry.* Tom is a stodgy, hard-working automobile salesman. Dick is the millionaire dream boy the working girl is supposed to yearn for. Harry is a worthless but completely charming ne'er-do-well. He doesn't believe in ambition; where does it get you? He once considered becoming a "success," but he hasn't thought about it since his own boss, who "had everything," blew his brains out.

Miss Rogers, with the assistance of the imaginative director Garson Kanin, dreams of

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her life with these three swains, a la *Lady in the Dark*. The dream sequences are very funny, ingeniously contrived, and nimbly executed. In the end she marries—not the one you would expect her to.

It would be risking one's critical integrity to say that Ginger Rogers is a creative artist; but she is the nearest thing to a creative artist one could be without actually being one. She has within her limited range a remarkable gift of mimicry, which is no small talent for an actress. So she can offer, as this telephonic Kitty Foyle, a solidly understood characterization. She is a darling and she is a scream. No one can say "Huh?" with a greater lack of comprehension. And if you think this is a minor achievement, wait until you hear her say it.

Among her suitors, Burgess Meredith as the shiftless garage mechanic provides an excellent comedy performance. The others don't count much, and the "message" I refuse to reveal. It is routine.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Student Review

1941 version of "Pens and Pencils" presented at Camp Beacon.

MEMBERS of the American Student Union presented the third annual version of their student revue, *Pens and Pencils,* on the picturesque heights of Camp Beacon above the Hudson. These high school and college boys and girls, with an average age of seventeen, dance, sing, and play about the stage with a charm and assurance that professionals might admire. In their material this year there are one or two uneven spots, contrasting with the excellence of the show as a whole. In the main it can be said that where the songs, skits, and sketches are indigenous to student life and school problems, the point is soundly made, and enthusiastically accepted by the audience. This was true of such numbers as "Final Examination," which spoofs the whole tradition of cribbing; "Do Your Homework," which makes a recruiting plea for the ASU; "Yes, My Darling Daughter," promising emphatic student support for the teachers fighting Rapp-Coudert; and "Budget Tree," a satirical attack on wreckers of educational budgets. This is not to say that the students' interests are limited by the four walls of the school building. The finale, "Money Isn't Everything," a pleasant ensemble number, and "Capitalistic Boss" certainly belong in a revue of this kind. "Crazy House," however, does not. It is a congeries of stale vaudeville gags and burlesque situations, and is highly irrelevant to the general purpose of the show.

Mitchell Linden, the oldest of the group, has a fine talent and carries a large part of the show. Pearl Cory, a sixteen-year-old ingenue, also deserves watching. Others in the cast who are particularly remembered after the curtain falls for the last time are Mady Lee, Sam Scheiner, Zora Preston, and Ira Stadlin.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

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